

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE CHIVALRY OF THE SEA.

(Dedicated to the memory of Charles Fisher,  
late student of Ch. Ch. Oxford.)

Over the warring waters, beneath the  
wandering skies,  
The heart of Britain roameth, the Chivalry  
of the sea,  
Where Spring never bringeth a flower,  
nor bird singeth in a tree;  
Far, afar, O beloved, beyond the sight  
of our eyes,  
Over the warring waters, beneath the  
stormy skies.

Staunch and valiant-hearted, to whom  
our toil were play,  
Ye man with armor'd patience the  
bulwarks night and day,  
Or on your iron coursers plough shuddering  
through the Bay,  
Or 'neath the deluge drive the skirmishing  
sharks of war:  
Venturous boys who leapt on the  
pinnacle and row'd from shore,  
A mother's tear in the eye, a swift fare-  
well to say,  
And a great glory at heart that none can  
take away.

Seldom is your home-coming; for aye  
your pennon flies  
In unrecorded exploits on the tumultu-  
ous wave;  
Till, in the storm of battle, fast-thunder-  
ing upon the foe,  
Ye add your kindred names to the  
heroes of long ago,  
And mid the blasting wrack, in the  
glad sudden death of the brave,  
Ye are gone to return no more.—Idly  
our tears arise;  
Too proud for praise as ye lie in your  
unvisited grave,  
The wide-warring water, under the  
starry skies.

*Robert Bridges.*

The Times.

## WATCHMEN OF THE NIGHT.

Lords of the seas' great wilderness  
The light-gray warships cut the wind;  
The headland dwindles less and less;  
The great waves, breaking, drench  
and blind

The stern-faced watcher on the deck,  
While England fades into a speck.

Afar on that horizon gray  
The sleepy homesteads one by one  
Shine with their cheerful lights as day  
Dies in the valley and is gone,  
While the great moon comes o'er the  
hill  
And floods the landscape, white and  
still.

But outward 'mid the homeless waste  
The battle-fleet held on its way;  
On either side the torn seas raced,  
Over the bridge blew up the spray;  
The quartermaster at the wheel,  
Steered through the night his ship of  
steel.

Once from a masthead blinked a light—  
The Admiral spoke unto the Fleet;  
Swift answers flashed along the night,  
The charthouse glimmered through  
the sleet;  
A bell rang from the engine-room,  
And ere it ceased—the great guns'  
boom!

Then thunder through the silence broke  
And rolled along the sullen deep;  
A hundred guns flashed fire and spoke,  
Which England heard not in her  
sleep  
Nor dreamed of, while her fighting sons  
Fed and fired the blazing guns.

Dawn broke in England, sweet and  
clear;  
Birds in the brake, the lark in heaven  
Made musical the morning air;  
But distant, shattered, scorched and  
riven,  
Gathered the ships—aye, dawn was well  
After the night's red and raging hell.

But some came not with break of light,  
Nor looked upon the saffron dawn;  
They keep the watch of endless Night,  
On the soft breast of ocean borne.  
O waking England, rise and pray  
For sons who guard thee night and day!

*Cecil Roberts.*

The Poetry Review.

## THE INDISPENSABLE PREMIER.

To guide a nation from one stage of its corporate life to another demands the highest powers of statesmanship; but these powers do not evoke the enthusiasm of contemporaries, and the real greatness of their possessor is not discovered until a generation or two, sometimes a century, has passed. The reason is plain. The one thing needful for a transition period is compromise; and compromise, though the soul of all business, public and private, is neither heroic nor popular. There is a strong family resemblance between all the great transition Ministers in English history. The common features, the vices and virtues, repeat themselves so regularly as to grow familiar, like the protruding eyes of the Guelphs. There are always an inexhaustible patience, a large tolerance of opposite views, a sluggishness of decision, a joviality within a small circle, exciting fierce animosity in the outer world. Burleigh was such a Minister, whose business it was to hold the scales between Catholics and Protestants and smooth the path from the old religion to the new. Politics and religion were in those days the same thing; and sometimes Burleigh was obliged to threaten, and rarely to kill, his opponents. But, as a rule, his aim was to protect one party from the other—to keep both, as far as possible, in good humor and obedient to himself. More than a century later Sir Robert Walpole was such a Minister, whose task it was to teach a German prince and a nation, used to the personal rule of the Stuarts, the alphabet of parliamentary government. In the nineteenth century such a Minister was Sir Robert Peel, who complained, bitterly and pathetically, that he had been called on to reconcile an ancient aristocracy with reformed institutions. Of the transition from

middle-class Victorian Liberalism to the Democracy of the twentieth century the Minister is Mr. Asquith, who has nothing to fear from a comparison with any of his predecessors. As a compromiser of creeds and balancer of parties he is as patient, as tolerant, and as successful as Burleigh. As a manager of the House of Commons he is not inferior to Sir Robert Walpole, though he has not the resources of corruption at his command. He is certainly the superior of Sir Robert Peel in the power of passiveness, the faculty of waiting till the stream of political impressions have done all that they have to do, and cut their full type clearly upon his mind. Peel sometimes showed temper when obliged to surrender a cause or deny a principle; but that was because he was muddle-headed and did not perceive his place in history. Nothing disturbs Mr. Asquith's serenity, because he knows perfectly well why he is where he is. It is the fashion to laugh at Mr. Asquith's "wait and see" and his "stop-gap" Bills. Or I am mistaken, future generations will praise our Minister's dilatoriness as the highest wisdom. Mr. Asquith is where he is, and will remain there, because he has selected himself, or been selected by whatever power governs human affairs, to act as a buffer between the old order and the new. He knows—no one better—that all opinions, religious, political and economic, are in a state of flux; that no one has any clear principles, or knows what he would be at, or where he is going; and that meanwhile England is at death-grips with Germany. Therefore he surrounds himself with a Government of men of opposite parties, balances one party against the other, protects one section from the jealousy and distrust of the other, is painfully slow

at coming to a decision, and, indeed, only takes a step forward when he is kicked into it by public opinion as voiced in Parliament and the Press. For instance, a certain knot of pressmen, clubmen, and stateswomen are fond of asserting that the Government might and should have adopted compulsory service in 1914 or the beginning of 1915. It may be so: one assertion on the point is at least as good as another. But presumably the Government had better information than the man in the club or the editor's room as to the opinions of the organized and unorganized industrial classes about conscription. Probably the combined authority of Lord Kitchener and the Prime Minister would have carried compulsion through the legislature at the beginning of the war. But its application would have been clogged by the sullen resistance or half-hearted acquiescence of a large body of workmen, call them as unpatriotic as you please. True to the instinct of a transition Minister, Mr. Asquith decided that it would be better to wait, even at the cost of a thousand million pounds and many thousand lives, until compulsion was not only accepted, but demanded unanimously. He who would condemn this decision must be a bold, not to say a presumptuous man. Posterity, I repeat, will be better able to pass judgment on points like these than we, whose minds are biased by fear. It is true that a balancing and hesitating Prime Minister is not an ideal leader in a great war. But it is simply a cruel stroke of luck that this war should have fallen upon us in the midst of a social and political revolution, which has nothing to do with the war, which was not caused by the war, for it began long before the war, and will be resumed as soon as that hideous episode is closed. The British Empire stands on the brink of great changes which, war or no war,

would have come. The war has hurried us, with unexpected swiftness, to the port where "gloom the dark broad seas," on whose tides we must put out to seek a newer world.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

It is the business of the Prime Minister to touch the tiller with so masterly a hand that the Ship of State, passing through the storms of a Continental war and the rocks and shallows of a domestic revolution, shall arrive safely at the end of its voyage. A noble calling, but a perilous.

Mr. Asquith is quite as much "a sole Minister," as was Sir Robert Walpole. As genial and accessible as "Robin," he is as greedy of power. Every political crisis ends in what Disraeli called "a transaction," and every transaction strengthens the position of Mr. Asquith. His intellectual superiority to his colleagues isolates him, which is a pity, for nothing strengthens a powerful Minister like a rival of whom he is afraid. The Prime Minister knows that he has no competitor in the House of Commons, which makes him, not arrogant, but careless. For the great blot on his escutcheon, the misgovernment of Ireland, issuing in the Sinn Féin rising, was due partly to Mr. Asquith's failure to perceive three years ago that his real function is that of a balancer of parties and partly to his carelessness in leaving everything to that amiable and distinguished man of letters, Mr. Birrell. It was because he would not hold the balance fairly between the Catholic and Protestant parties in Ireland, because he inclined scandalously to the Nationalists, and would never take Sir Edward Carson seriously until the Ulster Volunteers were armed, that his Irish policy will



always rise up against him as a great blunder. Mr. Asquith's other serious blunder, the Parliament Act, was due to much the same cause—the carelessness of allowing himself to be pushed by eager and unscrupulous partisans into forcing upon his Sovereign and the peers a brutal and insolent piece of legislation in the vain hope of disabling forever one political party. Probably there is no one who would be more willing than the Prime Minister to abandon or amend the Parliament Act, which has already been amended twice and has never achieved the purpose of its authors. And yet this very nonchalance and isolation are largely the secret of the Prime Minister's power over his Coalition Cabinet. Reserve of strength is always impressive. Of Mr. Asquith's eloquence I do not speak; it is admittedly of the highest order, "imitating none, inimitable by any." Eloquence, however, is merely the instrument by which men attain power in a free country. The use they make of that power depends upon their moral (or immoral) character and their brain-calibre. Be it observed that Mr. Asquith never makes an unnecessary speech, never intervenes unless compelled to do so, and never tries to cut a knot until it has been proved to be worthy of divine severance. It is not until the squabbles in Olympus rise to the dimensions of a brawl that Jupiter emerges, in rosy majesty, to drop a colleague or discard a Bill. If you want to know what the average, honest, irascible Briton is thinking you must ask Lord Derby, whose power of dramatizing the Man in the Street amounts almost to genius. Lord Derby says there must be a Central Party, and he is only blurting out the conclusion at which the majority of the nation have arrived, though our astute Prime Minister reached it in May, 1915,

when the shortage of munitions rose up and struck him in the face.

Mr. Walter Long has recently been expressing his annoyance and regret that he and his friends should have wasted so many years of their lives in tawdry and exploded party questions of no present interest. Bury the past and its parties! exclaims the twentieth-century head of a great family of country gentlemen, who for nearly three centuries have persisted in the public service without other reward than the respect and affection of their fellow-citizens. A few months ago I published a book dealing with the politics of the last twenty years, and I was coldly rebuked by the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* for wasting my time over persons and things that are no longer of any interest or importance. This petulance is natural. I quite understand that Mr. Walter Long and the Unionist leaders and their organs, the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, are willing—nay, eager—to bury the political record of the last twenty years, which tells of missed opportunities and lost battles, of a great cause mumbled away and a great party bargained away. But with all deference to Mr. Long and his Unionist colleagues and their organs in the Press, history is history, be it never so disagreeable. The Trades Disputes Act, the Finance Act of 1910, the Parliament Act, and the Home Rule Act are written in the books, and though some of these pages may be corrected, there they stand, the record of the Tory Party, which has fallen by the feebleness and distractions of its leaders. Even today, when the Tory leaders had an opportunity, which may never recur, of restoring some of the power of the Second Chamber, they did nothing. The Parliament Act was intended to humble and disarm the House of Lords—to eliminate the peers al-

together from the government of their country. By a strange turn of Fortune's wheel, the House of Lords became absolute masters of the situation. The existence of the House of Commons could only be prolonged by an Act amending the Parliament Act, which limits the life of Parliament to five years. Had the House of Lords rejected the Amending Bill there would have been an instant dissolution. Why did the Conservative Party in the House of Lords not amend the Parliament Act by inserting, in return for the concession of a second six months' life to the House of Commons, Lord Lansdowne's amendment of 1911, by which Bills dealing with the Crown, the Church, the Union, Parliament, and certain "grave issues," should not come under the operation of the Parliament Act, but should be referred back to the electors? It would have been a perfectly legitimate bargain, for we live in an age of "deals." Why should the Radicals always take and the Conservatives always give in these deals? Probably, as I have already said, the Prime Minister would not have been sorry to be forced to undo some of his handiwork of 1911. But no; the Conservative Party did nothing because they did not see it, or were afraid, or did not like to disturb Lord Lansdowne. Oh, but there is the war! It would have been unpatriotic to take advantage of the situation for the benefit of the Constitutional Party! Would it, indeed? Did not the Home Rule Party try to take advantage of the situation for the benefit of Radicals and Nationalists? The attempt failed, truly, but it was made. The Tories had not the courage to make an attempt, which must have succeeded.

When the liquor's out, why clink the cannikin?

The Tory Party is dead, and there's

an end on't. What is the condition of the Liberal Party? The legacy which Gladstone bequeathed to Campbell-Bannerman more than twenty years ago was a Liberal Party consisting of three sections. There were the capitalists, the Brunners, Monds, Joiceys, Furnesses, Runcimans, and Montagus or Samuels. There were the Radical dissenters, the remnant of the Puritans, whom Mr. Balfour's ill-advised Education Act stirred into such fierce activity that at the General Election of 1906 a number of Congregational ministers were returned to the House of Commons. As a more or less independent tail there were the new Labor members, and, hovering over all, now voting with one section and now with another, there were the Intellectuals, a mere handful. How will the war affect this disposition of the Liberal Party? And what is likely to be the attitude of each section towards a Central Party? The Liberal capitalists are both discredited and frightened. They are discredited by the pre-war opposition of Sir John Brunner and others to expenditure on the Navy and by the abuse of Lord Roberts indulged in by Mr. Runciman. They are frightened by the reaching hands which State Socialism has laid on almost every industry since the war began and by the increasing hostility of organized labor towards employers. I may observe, in passing, that this hostility is not in the least likely to be allayed by the soothing syrup of Lord Wrenbury's platitudes, which filled a column of the *Times* on September 12th. It is obvious that the capitalist section of the Liberals will eagerly join the Central Party. The capitalists will almost certainly draw in their wake the Puritan remnant, which is composed of provincial manufacturers and tradesmen, whose desire to destroy the Church of England is (for the time

being, at all events) a less poignant emotion than anxiety about their cash. I am inclined to think that Radical dissent is a rapidly waning power in politics. I should have gone farther, and said that theological Christianity was today in much the same plight as the gods of Greece and Rome between the years 100 B.C. and 200 A.D. were it not for a column of correspondence which runs through the *Westminster Gazette* from one year's end to another about "Christianity and the War," "The Churches," etc. These letters fill me with bottomless astonishment. What and whom do the writers represent? I do not like even to harbor the suspicion that the "Sea Green Incorruptible One" writes these letters in its office, yet I find it difficult to imagine who these correspondents can be. But be the numerical force of the Radical dissenters what it may, its vote will, I estimate, follow the capitalists. As "Hang-Theology-Rogers" used to say, "dissenters are stuffy people," and they will go where money goes. The Central Party will therefore be composed of the whole of what is now called the Unionist Party and of the two sections of the Liberal Party made up of capitalists and Nonconformists. It will have the command of the war-chests of the Conservative and Liberal central offices; it will be served by the machine-guns of the two old parties; it will, at all events for the next five years, be an invincible alliance; and its only possible leader will be Mr. Asquith. I assume in this analysis that the Conservatives will not be mad enough to break with Mr. Asquith and the Liberals on the point of a little more or a little less tariff, or of a little more or a little less military defense, or a little more or a little less Home Rule. The Conservatives cannot, in the present condition of things, stand by

themselves; they must choose between an alliance with Mr. Asquith and the old Liberals and a junction with the Trade Unionists and the Fabians. If the Conservatives think that they can use and lead the Trade Unionists and the Fabians they will have plenty of time to meditate on their mistake after they have been stripped and cast forth, the unpitied victims of their own folly. Assuming, however, that the Conservatives will follow Lord Derby's hint and join a Central Party under Mr. Asquith's leadership, who will form and lead an Opposition? Mr. Lloyd George has, since the beginning of the war, rendered such services to his country as coming generations will learn with astonishment and gratitude. He has been Chancellor of the Exchequer and saved London from a financial catastrophe of which the bare imagination makes one shudder. He has been Minister of Munitions and created the vast machinery of war-manufacture that now covers the country, and has at last placed us on equal, if not superior, terms to the enemy. He is greedy of praise, it is true, and has allowed his newspapers to claim for him a larger share of credit than is compatible with justice to the department of the Master-General of Ordnance. But the love of applause is a noble infirmity, and if Mr. Lloyd George had not his foibles he would not be human. Today Mr. Lloyd George is Secretary of State for War, and our armies are steadily, if slowly, advancing to victory. Surely Mr. Lloyd George is entitled to the confidence of the Central Party and will be found at Mr. Asquith's right hand. Politicians who have not forgotten the Budget of 1909 are fond of asserting that Mr. Lloyd George is only waiting his opportunity to desert Mr. Asquith and to lead the Labor Party. I do not know whether Mr. Lloyd George ponders such a course;

I am pretty sure it is out of his power to follow it. Mr. Lloyd George will never lead the Trade Unionists again; he knows too much about them and they know too much about him. He has discovered their faults and they have discovered that he is not afraid to tell them so. Mr. Lloyd George's strength at this moment lies in the enormous floating mass of electors without party ties and in the Non-conformists. The Conservatives should receive him with open arms. And where will Mr. Winston Churchill be found in the new political map? Mr. Churchill at this hour is in much the same position as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was after the split in the Liberal Party of 1886. No party seems to want him; he is *non ascriptus*, he has deserted Mr. Balfour and, apparently, Mr. Asquith. He will probably be one of the leaders of the Opposition to the Central Party, but whether he will ultimately fall on his feet, like Chamberlain, or on his head, like his father, it is impossible to predict. The Opposition to the Central Party will be composed of the representatives of the Trade Unions, of a reduced number of Irish Nationalists, of a sprinkling of intellectuals, or "mugwumps," as the Americans say, of the excised tail of the Tariff Reform League, and of one or two politicians whom Mr. Asquith has not been able to include in his Central Ministry. They will be a motley lot and they will have no titular leader, or many. This forecast is based on the assumption that the war is ended on more or less favorable terms within the next eighteen months. If peace is not concluded or in train by the spring of 1918 I should not like to guess what might happen in politics.

In thus attempting to sketch a probable rearrangement of parties, I am concerned only with members of Parliament and candidates, wire-pul-

lers, and the leaders of journalism, with all those who meddle with the government of men—in short, with politicians. The masses of electors do not form parties or settle programs. "The common, ordinary mind," wrote Bagehot, "is quite unfit to fix for itself what political question it shall attend to; it is as much as it can do to judge decently of the questions which drift down to it and are brought before it; it almost never settles its topics; it can only decide upon the issues of those topics."

In these days I am constantly hearing and reading of what the boys in khaki will do when they come back from the front—how they will send the politicians to the right-about, settle the terms of peace, rebuild the British Constitution, and remodel British society. God bless the boys in khaki! They are miners, agricultural laborers, artisans, shopmen, and clerks, and just as capable of settling these mighty questions after the war as they were before. The war undoubtedly will be a valuable education for them; it will give them a sense of proportion which they had not before; it will teach them new values, and so will enable them to choose with greater discrimination between political parties, between men and measures. But it is childish to talk of the boys in khaki settling the terms of peace or recasting our social and political systems. It will make an immense difference whether the new army support the Central Party or the Trade Unionists. But there is no reason to suppose that our new soldiers will support either the one party or the other with anything like unanimity. Their votes will depend on the personalities of the leaders and their programs. The boys in khaki will act exactly like other electors.

Disraeli was fond of saying that you can only govern a nation by tradition

or by military force. France broke with tradition at the end of the eighteenth century, and though she has since been governed by a series of emperors, kings, and presidents, in reality she has all the time been governed by her Army. England is about to break with tradition—in fact, has already done so—by what force will she be governed in the future? Spiritual authority (*pace the Westminster Gazette*) has gone; the deferential spirit, on which government by mind and property rests, is rapidly going. By what force, military or civil, shall we be governed? We come back to the question which Lord Salisbury put to Lord Cranbrook sixteen years ago, after the election of 1900: Into whose hands has political power passed? The answer cannot be given now; it may be given after the war; it is very important, because of the number and complexity of the political and social problems awaiting solution. It was the good fortune of the United States to possess a clean site on which to build a Constitution. Hamilton and Madison had no old dwellings to clear away before getting to work. The French Revolutionists dethroned a dynasty, murdered and robbed an aristocracy, and dispossessed a priesthood. For nearly a century the consequences of these violent deeds hampered the development of France. Great Britain is about to construct a new Mansion House upon a site covered with ancient and picturesque Gothic buildings. How is the ground to be cleared? The statesmen of the Transition have to deal with a Monarchy, a Church, a House of Lords, an old society strong in the power of accumulated wealth and inherited education. All these tenants they have to house comfortably with a new democracy, bent on pleasure and the means of procuring it. It is a task of such difficulty as surely never before confronted

the Minister of this or any other country.

The problems awaiting solution can only be indicated here, but they are these: (1) the franchise; (2) fiscal policy; (3) taxation; (4) naval and military defense; (5) federation of the Empire, including the settlement of Ireland.

The franchise is the only one of immediate urgency, because the Registration Bill comes on for discussion in a week or so. True to the track of Burleigh and Walpole, the Prime Minister has introduced a "stop-gap Bill" to avoid the disqualification of existing voters by the removals caused by the manufacture of munitions. It remains to be seen whether the House of Commons will be satisfied with this or whether the enfranchisement of new voters, male and female, will be insisted on. If the life of the Parliament which may be elected on this stop-gap register be limited to two years it does not much matter whether the franchise be extended or not, for with the terms of peace the electors can have nothing, and will have nothing, to do. To settle the terms of peace will take at least a year's close work by all the ablest and most experienced statesmen and lawyers in Europe—it is no business to be bawled about on platforms or to be settled in the slap-dash style of the editor's room. It will therefore be wiser to accept the Prime Minister's stop-gap register, for the alteration of the franchise is a matter that cannot be properly discussed in the agitation of a war. The people who clamor for a General Election desire, I presume, the ejection of the Government. How they think they are going to get it I do not know; for the only issue can be the conduct of the war, and for the conduct of the war all political parties, except the Irish Nationalists, are jointly responsible. Mr. Asquith will be justified, and he will be wise, in taking these gentry at their word and



dissolving as soon as the register is complete, for he will get an overwhelming majority. But as soon as the war is over the extension of the franchise must be taken in hand as a Conservative measure. The present electorate is given in "Whitaker" as 8,357,648. The number of Trade Unionists, I am informed, is about 4,000,000 or nearly half the constituency, which gives them a political power out of all proportion to their numbers or their possessions. We must call in new voters to redress the balance or submit to the tyranny of the Trade Union leaders. The professional and commercial classes and the non-Unionist workmen are under-represented. The war has given women a new place in the industrial system and in order to protect that place it may be expedient to give them votes.

Such are the main problems of Government that will spring into life—that indeed are upon us now. If they are to be settled without a class-war, or at least without a damaging disturbance of credit, the nation must be guided by a cool, steady, and dispassionate mind. We want no heroics, but serenity, balance, and compromise. We need a Minister who shall work out his sums of political arithmetic, adding here and subtracting there, undisturbed by the clamor of demagogues, a little contemptuous of the dictation of newspaper owners, using a sane scepticism towards the schemes of Syndicalists, and remembering that without the confidence of the moneyed interest a modern State can do nothing.

Only a Minister who is assured of the support of the two great political parties can take the line of adjustment and compromise which is the only safe line for Great Britain today. We want some extension of the franchise, but not an electorate of twenty-six millions. We want a measure of Tariff Reform, but not a system of

*The Fortnightly Review.*

exclusive Protection. The burden of taxation must be fairly distributed and not piled on the back of a million individuals, or business brains and capital will be exported. We must have a settlement of Ireland which shall hold the scales as fairly as may be between Protestant and Catholic, between Scot and Celt. We must consult the Colonies, but we need not copy them. Without fastening on our necks the yoke of the drill sergeant, we must devise some system of national training for war. The only statesman who can carry us through the next five years on these lines is the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith seems to me the greatest, if not the only, conservative force in politics. I hope it is no very cynical asperity to say that the careers of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are over. It is impossible that they should envisage the immediate future with impartiality, still less with hope, and they have the aristocratic defects—want of imagination and lack of humor. Looking at the Conservative leaders, I cannot perceive that they have conserved anything during the last twenty years—neither contracts, nor Moneybags, nor the House of Lords, nor the Union of the United Kingdom. It is unthinkable that Mr. Asquith should lead an anarchic Socialist Party; he has given too many hostages to fortune. The best defense of the present Parliament is that it has kept Mr. Asquith in power, for I do not believe that any other man could have held the nation together through such a war as this. As long as Cæsar is safe, who fears the Germans?

Quis Parthum paveat, quis gelidum  
Seythen,  
Quis Germania quos horrida parturit  
Fetus, incolumi Cæsare?

The Coalition of 1895 destroyed the Tory Party; the Coalition of 1916 may save Great Britain.

*Arthur A. Baumann.*



## IRELAND IN 1916.

The difficulties of the Irish situation are often described as "interesting" by those who view them from the outside. To those who live in Ireland, and more particularly to those who desire to live at peace with their neighbors, the difficulties are so complex and so urgent that "interesting" is too cold a word. We are oppressed with a great anxiety as to the future and as to the danger to all that we hold dear—an anxiety that is greatly aggravated by the extraordinary ignorance as to the temper of the Irish people which seems to prevail in political circles in England.

The dominating facts of the situation from a politician's point of view, are two.

First, a Home Rule Act is on the Statute Book. King, Lords, and Commons have placed it there, and it is futile now to inquire into the methods by which it was carried. It is in the highest degree improbable that it will be repealed, whatever anyone may wish or hope. Under an autocratic system a constitutional enactment of this kind may be annulled if it seem desirable by a mere "Fiat" of the supreme authority. But the maxim of democracies is *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. A concession, once it is made, is never withdrawn or reduced. And in the present case by the action of the Coalition Cabinet during the recent Irish negotiations, men of all political Parties are committed to the principle of Home Rule, in some form, for at least the south and west of Ireland.

Presumably members of the Government who were formerly Unionists still believe that separatist legislation for Ireland is inconsistent with the highest interests both of Ireland and of the Empire. That is my own conviction. Such legislation is not likely

to bring prosperity to Ireland. Taxation must be heavier than it has been under the Union, and the farmers will find to their sorrow that this will be the case. Once Home Rule has been granted and the number of Irish members at Westminster has been consequently reduced, the "protection" of the Irish cattle industry cannot last very long. And the unrestricted admission into England of Canadian cattle will speedily bring down the price of Irish-fed bullocks. The material interests of a rural population like that in the south of Ireland and those of an industrial and artisan population who control the majority of the votes at Westminster are quite dissimilar; and I fear that the Irish farmers will discover this when it is too late. But, nevertheless, a Home Rule Act is on the Statute Book, and this it is useless to ignore or to lament.

The second fact of importance is that the six northeastern counties have been promised by the Government that they will not be forced to accept Home Rule, and that the Act will be amended, before it is put in force, in such a manner that they shall be excluded from its provisions so long as it pleases them to stay out. And this, too, must be faced by those who dislike such an extension of the separatist principle. The "exclusion" of Ulster is intensely unpopular in Ireland as a whole. The dismemberment of the country for political purposes is hateful to men of every school of political thought south of the Boyne, and there are mutterings of discontent in Ulster itself. Those who have been "Unionists" in the past, while it seemed possible to save the Union, and those who used to talk of "a nation once again," are equally opposed to a policy which is as un-

patriotic as it is unstatesmanlike, and which has its roots in the abandonment of the principle that England, Ireland, and Scotland form one United Kingdom, and that no lesser unit should be recognized by the legislative authority in deference to local sentiment. Nor, indeed, is it easy to understand how such a policy of separation can be worked out in detail. The financial problems which will arise, if Ulster or any large section of Ulster is given differential treatment, are insoluble unless the patient British taxpayer is willing to contribute heavy subsidies. And it does not seem likely that the Treasury will have more money to spare after the war than it had in 1914.

But, again, a solemn pledge has been given to Ulster, and no reasonable man can suppose that the pledge will be broken. If Ulster is to come under Home Rule she must come of her own goodwill; and she will certainly not place herself under an Irish Parliament until she has been satisfied that it will be to her advantage to do so. Those who appeal to Ulster to "trust" their fellow-countrymen are spending their breath in vain. It is by its works that the Irish Parliament must justify itself, not by the faith of its promoters that everything will quite certainly be for the best.

And so we have come to an impasse. It is of no profit to try to apportion the blame for the present difficulty. To one who, like myself, looks at political movements from the outside, it seems as if a chief cause of the discontent which is felt by both sides is the ambiguity of the language that is used by politicians in their well-meant endeavor to promote a "settlement." Every true friend of Ireland and of the Empire desires that this old quarrel should be composed; but progress towards a permanent settlement is hindered, not advanced, by

language on either side which is susceptible of two meanings.

I will try to explain what I mean. Behind the Home Rule Act, and behind the promise that Ulster shall not be coerced, there lies the assumption that Ireland shall remain part of the Empire, closely connected with England and Scotland. This is a platitude for English readers. It is not a platitude in Ireland. It is this very union with Great Britain, under a common sovereign, which the dreamers who look for an Irish Republic resent most fiercely. Nothing short of absolute separation from Britain and the establishment of an independent Government—*independent in war as well as in peace*—will satisfy the wishes of these men. Now it is to court trouble in advance to conceal from them the plain fact that Ireland can never be allowed to become thus independent of the sister country. If proof were needed of this the rebellion of last April would demonstrate it. Whatever any Sinn Féin may say or think, Britain can never permit Ireland to be an "independent nation." Her harbors must be under the control of the King's Navy; there must be no possibility of their use as a refuge for hostile warships. Her manhood, out of which the splendid Irish regiments have been fashioned, must continue to be an Imperial asset or it will be an Imperial danger. There is a very foolish sentence inscribed on the Parnell monument in Dublin which proclaims to the reader that you cannot "set limits to the progress of a nation." I call it a foolish sentence because of the suggestion which it makes that Ireland may one day be independent of Britain, in regard to its foreign policy as completely as in regard to its domestic legislation. That is impossible. He is no true friend of Ireland who tries to delude her with falacious hopes. Her geo-

graphical position differentiates her case wholly from that of Canada, Australia, or South Africa. She can never have her own army and navy, in the sense that she could be free to use her military forces against Britain if her Parliament willed it. She is too near a neighbor to be placed in the same category as the great dominions beyond the seas. And when colonial statesmen speak (as they very naturally do) of their desire to see Ireland "free" as the colonies are free, they have not realized that the freedom which they enjoy and use so well could not be theirs were their country within sixty miles of England. The tie must be closer between Britain and Ireland than between Britain and Australia in the interests of the Empire as a whole, which would be gravely menaced were there no security that Ireland's foreign policy was England's foreign policy.

This is a difficulty which will, of course, receive attention should a scheme of Imperial Federation ever be realized. It is a difficulty which ought to be considered in advance, both by Federalists and by Nationalists. And the refusal to look it in the face and to speak openly of it is the cause of some at least of our present perplexities. I hope with all my heart that Irishmen will try to reach a settlement among themselves which may tend to the prosperity of our country and the strengthening of our national character. I am quite sure that those who used to be Unionists are ready to make great sacrifices in their endeavor to make friends with their Nationalist fellow-countrymen. There must be "give and take," and the concessions should be on both sides. We have been warned by responsible politicians that the way out of the present tangle must be found by ourselves. But the first step must be to speak plainly and without ambiguity as to the assumptions on which we are

to proceed. And the first principle is that Ireland is, and will remain, part of the Empire. The Irishman who will not sing "God save the King" does not admit this principle. Hence the need for plain speaking.

True, indeed, it is that the number of "irreconcilables" in Ireland is comparatively small. Common sense is not so rare in our country as is sometimes thought. And the great majority of Irishmen, whatever be their political profession, know in their hearts that Ireland cannot be totally separated from England. Indeed I think it would be true to add that most of them do not really wish for such a separation. But, as is generally the case, the irreconcilable minority exercise an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. And many constitutional Nationalists are still unwilling or afraid to say openly that they disapprove of the extravagances of the Sinn Fein Party. Moral courage is a quality which is rare in Ireland, although physical courage of the highest kind will not be denied by their severest critics to the Irishmen who have proved themselves in Gallipoli and in France. And it needs a good deal of moral courage for a man who has been a Home Ruler all his life to refuse to ally himself to the extreme members of his Party, even though he believes their aims to be impossible of realization and their methods of violence to be futile and prejudicial to his cause.

We have also to bear in mind that the Sinn Feiners have within the past three months gained numerous sympathizers who formerly stood aloof. This is a curious circumstance and is due to more causes than one. It has partly been brought about by the belief that the constitutional party, of which Mr. Redmond is the leader, were deceived by the Government spokesmen during the negotiations of

last June. They were allowed to believe that the Irish representation at Westminster would remain undiminished during the war, although the Irish Parliament would be sitting in Dublin. It was ostensibly because of the alleged breach of faith as to this point that they broke off negotiations. No doubt the compelling reason for their decision was the hostility of the constituencies to any partition of Ireland. But they were able to put forward the difficulty about the number of the Irish Members in the House of Commons as a sufficient objection to the Government scheme, and thousands of Nationalist electors honestly believe that the Government deceived them. This view, erroneous as it may be, has diverted a good deal of support from Mr. Redmond, and has damaged the influence of those who prefer constitutional methods to methods of violence.

But the main cause of the increased popularity of "Sinn Fein" is quite different. It is due to the fact that some of the leaders of the recent rebellion were executed. Surprising as it may be to law-abiding people, no Irish Nationalist expects to be punished for political crime, no matter how grave may be its consequences. He regards it as unjust that he should be punished for it. We can understand why he takes this view when we remember that for the last six or seven years the Irish executive acquiesced in the growth of treasonable organizations and the circulation of seditious literature. The Report of the Hardinge Commission makes it very plain that under Mr. Birrell and Lord Aberdeen the first principle of government was held to be that there should be no government, and that anything might be excused provided that it could assume a political complexion. It is not easy to unteach a lesson of this kind. And ac-

cordingly, when words and threats were translated into deeds and the Irish Volunteers shot soldiers and policemen in the streets of Dublin and proclaimed an Irish Republic, it was never anticipated by their sympathizers that any of them would be executed for the part they played. To be sentenced to a term of imprisonment—that they would have understood, for they would, of course, have expected a remission of sentence after a short period of internment. (They are already clamoring that the rebels who were given penal servitude shall be released.) But that the capital sentence should be inflicted for taking part in open rebellion and murder was very disconcerting. Only fifteen rebels were executed in all, although hundreds of lives of soldiers and citizens alike were sacrificed in that mad and wicked enterprise. Sir John Maxwell acted with great moderation as well as good judgment. But it was enough that anyone should be executed for treason to provoke a very angry feeling throughout the country, which had been educated to believe that treason was no more than a political eccentricity, and that the killing of soldiers or policemen was not murder.

The attitude of the Dublin populace is well illustrated by a story told to me by one of my clergy. An old woman was describing the capture of the rebels who had shut themselves up in Jacob's biscuit factory: "It was awful, your reverence, to see them English soldiers lyin' behind bags, and firin' at the poor fellas in Jacob's!" She could not understand that as the "poor fellas" had begun the firing they had nothing to complain of. And the sympathy which she felt was stimulated and quickened all over Ireland by Mr. Dillon's speech in the House of Commons, in which he was understood by his fellow-countrymen to applaud the "brave" men who had

risen in rebellion, and to resent any severe punishment being measured out to them for their crime. Nothing has done more than this unhappy speech to promote the principles of Sinn Fein in Ireland: and it is melancholy that Mr. Dillon's colleagues did not forthwith express their disapproval.

For (and it is this which I desire to make clear) we cannot have any "settlement" in Ireland, or an agreement (such as every man of goodwill desires) between Unionists and Nationalists, until the constitutional Nationalist Party give some assurance that they will have no traffic with folly of this kind. Mr. Redmond is, apparently, losing a large part of his influence in Ireland. That is to his credit if it means, as I believe it means, that he desires to be loyal to the Crown and on the side of law and order in the Irish Administration of which he would naturally be the leader when it is established. He is losing, on that account, the support of the irreconcilables. But he must know, and indeed has said, that they have always been in opposition to him.

It is becoming apparent that the lines of political demarcation, which have hitherto divided political Parties in Ireland, are being changed. The great struggle ahead of us all has been long impending. It is not the struggle between Protestant and Roman Catholic. We have had enough of that. Religious bitterness has poisoned the stream of Irish life for too long. We shall retain our own opinions, and retain them the more strongly because we respect those of our neighbors. When the soldiers come back from the trenches, where they have been fighting side by side, Protestants and Roman Catholics, in a common cause, Irish Guards and Irish Rifles, Inniskillings and Dublins and Munsters and Connaught Rangers, they

will not desire to revive the old theological hatreds, we may be sure. And the sorrows of war which have come to Irish homes of every creed may have a healing virtue.

Nor will the political divisions of the future be precisely those with which we are familiar, as separating Unionist from Nationalist. The Act of Union has already been set aside by placing a Home Rule Act on the Statute Book; and whenever it (or any similar Act) comes into operation, there will no longer be any question of "Unionist" policy. Probably the Nationalist Party will break up into sections, a Conservative section, led by Mr. Redmond or some one like-minded, and a Radical or Labor section. The farmers, who are rapidly acquiring a great stake in the country, would naturally range themselves on the Conservative side; but their interests are not always identical with those of the town shopkeepers, a class which has always exercised a large influence in Irish politics.

But, however that may be, it is not rash to predict that we are moving towards a situation where all political quarrels will be merged in the great quarrel between the forces of authority on the one side and the forces of disorder and anarchy on the other. This is not the same contrast as that between Tory and Radical. It goes much deeper. Many a good Radical respects authority and desires it to be exercised. On the other hand, members of the Conservative Party in Ulster have not always been on the side of the law. Yet here is the great contest of the future. It is of comparatively little importance in Ireland what political badge is assumed by the Government, *provided that it governs*. This is a phenomenon with which young Irishmen of the present generation are not familiar; but it will be a blessing from whatever quarter it comes.



For it is the vainest of dreams to suppose that the spirit of lawlessness can be exorcised by mere legislation. It is all over the country, and it can only be dispelled gradually by long years of just and firm rule. How to secure this firmness, which is quite a different thing from any unduly violent coercion, under a democratic system, in a country wholly unfitted as yet for democratic institutions, is not easy to determine. But this is the real problem. The tradition of yielding to sentimental clamor when law-breakers are punished is a *damnosa hereditas* which will hamper the successors of Mr. Birrell and Lord Aberdeen for many a day. The Irish temper has been trained to be impatient of restraint and indignant at penalty. And such a temper is anarchic, naturally, inevitably.

The growth of anarchic principles has been a matter of serious concern for ten years past to those who have at heart the highest interests of Ireland. The principles avowed by many supporters of Sinn Fein were downright anarchy. There were the young people who loved to represent themselves as the Irish *intelligentsia*, and who were vain of their repudiation of old-world "conventions." That among the conventions which they despised, conventions as to morality were included, is unhappily true of some of the most notorious of the rebels. Then there were the Labor people, who were affected by Larkinism and the doctrines of Liberty Hall. There, were those who desired to upset the Government of Ireland without any clear idea of what they wished to put in its place—a very numerous class, and in many ways very attractive in their simplicity. In the slums of Dublin some time ago two constables were escorting a drunken man to the police station, and an old woman threateningly shook her fist as she watched the

melancholy procession, and cried: "Ah! my fine fellows, the day is coming, and coming soon, when there will be Home Rule. There will be no police then, and the poor will be able to do as they like!" That is the Utopia of anarchy to which she lifted her aged eyes; and she is only a type of her class.

It will be thought, I do not doubt, by many English readers that this is an exaggerated statement, and that there is no further danger, at any rate, of anarchy breaking out in rebellion, the rising of Easter Week having been so thoroughly quelled. Let such critics weigh this little fact. One of the most important Fire Insurance Societies in the United Kingdom refused this summer to insure house property in Dublin against fire "caused by civil commotion." The ordinary policies do not include this risk, and it was natural to expect that for a small additional premium it might be added to those already undertaken. Insurance companies do not refuse premiums without good reason. But the refusal was absolute, and was made after deliberate investigation of the state of Ireland by the directors. Neither the furniture of a Dublin house nor the fabric of a Church or glebe house in Ireland can at this moment be insured against fire, caused by a second Sinn Fein rising, with the insurance companies which ordinarily are glad to get new business.\* So much for the opinion of business men as to the anarchic condition of Ireland.

Authority and Anarchy! Which shall it be? Much depends on the line taken in the near future by the Roman Catholic priesthood. They represent, as things are, the strongest moral force in the south and west of Ireland; and should their influence be

\*Anything can be insured at Lloyd's, but the rate quoted for this particular risk, as reported to me, was quite prohibitive. The ordinary companies will not touch it at all.



cast on the wrong side there may be disaster. There is abundant evidence that in too many cases the younger Roman Catholic priests favored the rebellion of Easter Week. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick has indicated very plainly where his sympathies lie. But the tradition of the Roman Church in other countries is to support law and authority. It is absolutely hostile to anarchy, either in the political or in the moral sphere. And the leaders of the Roman Church can make this plain very effectively if they will.

At any rate, whatever advocates in high places declare themselves on the side of law and order under the King's rule they will find hearty support from the loyalists of the south and west, if I understand them at all. This class is the only class that has not resorted to arms in support of its political opinions in 1913-1916. There have been lawless armings of Ulster Volunteers, of National Volunteers, of "Irish" Volunteers; but the loyalists of the south and west have appealed to law and not to force. They desire a settlement of our Irish difficulties because they, as Irishmen, wish to live in Ireland on friendly terms with their fellow-countrymen, and because they abhor the idea of civil war.

I have no scheme of compromise to offer: I am not a politician. Nor, to be quite frank, have I ever seen a scheme of Home Rule which I thought was likely to work well. I have never met anyone who believed that the particular scheme now on the Statute Book could be worked at all without Ulster. But, whatever solution may ultimately be reached, it is very important that the larger issues should be made quite plain. There is an irreconcilable difference between those who think that Ireland can be wholly divorced from England and those who

think that they must always remain in close alliance, and that their foreign policy, their army, their navy, must be identical. And nothing is gained by pretending that there are not these two diverse opinions. One or other must be abandoned. But on questions of domestic legislation there is no such difference of fundamental principle, and here there is much room for conference and compromise. The appeal to armed force is not likely to be encouraged now so light-heartedly as it was before we had all learned by a bitter experience what war really means. But there are not wanting indications of a temper which, unless it is checked, would provoke civil war. That would be a calamity which peace-loving men, whatever their political creed, are called to prevent by all means in their power.

In the last resort—*absit omen*—attempts may be made in the south or in the north of Ireland, as the case may be, to use force instead of persuasion. There is talk of "resisting" the exclusion of Ulster. And in Ulster there is a determination to "resist" any aggression by a Home Rule Parliament. It is of the last importance that, if there is to be fighting in Ireland after the war is over, Irishmen shall not be allowed to fight with Irishmen. If the Imperial Parliament decides to place any measure on the Statute Book, with or without conditions, it is the duty of Parliament to see that its authority is maintained by the armed forces of the Crown. If southerners attempt to coerce northerners, the southerners must be put down sternly, ruthlessly, by British regiments. If northerners attempt to coerce southerners, the northerners must be put down sternly, ruthlessly, by British regiments. That is the meaning of government. Parliament will be very ill-advised if it legislates

again for Ireland without the inflexible determination to support its own authority. It would be the crime of crimes for Parliament to pass a controversial measure and then to allow Irishmen to "fight it out," as if it

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were only a private matter. And the practical conclusion is that a sufficient number of British troops ought to be kept in Ireland after the war to make it quite impossible for north and south to engage in civil strife.

John Dublin.

## DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

### CHAPTER XIV.

BACK IN THE SERVICE: OMPTEDA  
AGAIN.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—At this point occurs one of the gaps in my great-uncle's *Memoirs*.

Precisely what befell him at his interview with the Commander-in-Chief I do not know.

It is the tradition of our family that he was readmitted at this time into the service of his sovereign and entrusted with certain secret missions not unattended with difficulty and danger. What is known of the last of these missions is now made public for the first time.]

July 1808.

Here was the rendezvous; where was the man? Not that his absence disconcerted me; there may be twenty good reasons for being late at a tryst made four weeks earlier.

Dismounting I eased the withers of a leg-weary horse which had borne me all night. How I had found, or kept to my route I hardly knew, for my guide, after evincing the most lively fear of French patrols, had left me before light came.

The place was as open as Newmarket Heath; the crossing of two roads, unfenced, and surrounded by common fields, their tillages separated by grass balks hidden by tall rye white for the sickle.

No house was in sight. In North Germany, and this remark applies to most parts of the continent, farm-

houses are grouped into villages for mutual protection, and the lonely dwellings common in England and Norway are rare.

As the day broadened I detected smokes in the distance and guessed I was near Kegnitz, the place marked upon my map. At the *Schwarzer Adler* at that hamlet I would bait and break my fast, as good an excuse as any, and a mode of extending my stay in a neighborhood where my instructions bade me await the British agent for twenty-four hours.

I reached the inn, a third-rate *gasthaus*, about four of the clock. Its people were already astir. The girl-ostler who took my horse treated my uniform with the utmost respect, as did the woman of the house, a heavy-faced gray-haired person, who set before me beer, sausage and bread, and left me to myself without asking a question.

There seemed no man about the premises, nor in the hamlet, all were afield among the rye. The hedgeless country seemed barer and cooler than southern England, the day promised heat.

Whilst I sat, debating with myself whether to wait on in silence or make inquiries, a stout, dark-haired woman in *déshabille* carrying a lap-dog, swung lightly into the room and out again, calling upon her Maker in German. My presence had taken her by surprise, but needed not have caused her such dismay, for there was alarm in

her tone and alacrity in her retreat. I relief and hurried across the room to take my hand. I heard her run upstairs and a voice overhead, and presently the ceiling-beam creaked, and after heavy, loitering steps in the passage, a man came in, called for beer, seated himself and was served by the silent *hausfrau*.

As he drank I saw his eyes upon me over the rim of his mug. When he set it down I made some remark in German upon the prospects of the harvest, to which he replied with a surly grunt. The fellow was hard to place by his dress: a *junker* he might have been, or a commissary, a stranger without doubt, for he had slept in the house and had not yet shaved or tied his cravat.

The times were critical and all men suspicious. We were watching one another, and he, with his back to the window, had the better position. His face was a black patch against the panes through which the level sun was shining, yet its outline seemed familiar. Then, as he moved his head, the light fell upon his left cheek, and I saw three parallel scars, and recognized Omptèda.

What the man could be doing there at such a time I could not imagine, but, that he would presently recognize me, if he had not already done so, was certain. I would speak first.

"Good morning, Count," said I in English, lifting my mug, and would have said more, but he cut me short.

"No count, sir, plain *herr*, if ye please," and damned his eyes, aware that he had made me a present of his nationality if of nothing else.

"But, my dear Omptèda, I cannot be mistaken, let us be frank," urged I, but he shook his head, reddening vastly.

"My name is Stern, sir, and I don't know ye."

"And mine is Fanshawe, Count, and now I think ye do."

Our conversation had been carried on a little above a whisper, but at this the man emitted an exclamation of re-

"*Fanshawe?*—of course!—My dear sir, what a turn ye have given me! I was about to step down the road to our rendezvous. I swear I had not connected yourself with the name. I . . . er . . . was not aware of your being in the service. Well! well! But, what are ye doing in those regimentals? I took ye for a Frenchman."

I told him that with troops of so many nationalities quartered in the country I conceived the blue and white of my old regiment, the Stralsund Hussars, would be as likely to pass unremarked as a civilian disguise, and would exact respect from the countryfolk. "It has this further advantage that with these on my back, and my Swedish commission in my pocket, I am either a neutral or a combatant, and if arrested shall not be hanged for a spy."

He winced, saying, "Come outside, let us talk in the open, and, as ye have German, use it, or the French. Your English tongue may stretch my neck. . . . Lord, how ye scared me!"

As we left the house a door creaked, and the open-mouthed face of the dark woman showed for a moment, and, as one might say, was driven in again by a warning look, half scowl, half entreaty.

Upon the open road, out of hearing of the hamlet, I turned to my companion, "And now, Count, I must ask ye for the word."

"Sir, 'tis for you to give it to me," he retorted.

"I think otherwise," I rejoined, "for whereas ye were instructed to meet a Mr. Fanshawe, and know that I am he, I was bid rendezvous with a Mr. Stern, and find Count Omptèda."

"Sir, I can convince ye . . ."

"By the word, Count."

"*Lincoln's Inn*," he rapped, "and now the countersign?"

"*Tityre tu patulae*," I replied. "What is the posture of things?"

"That, sir, is my affair. Your business was to bring me funds. What have ye for me?"

"Mr. Stern," said I, "for so I suppose I had better call ye" [he bowed stiffly], "we had best begin by an exchange of credentials. If two men are to ride one horse, one must sit in front. I fear I must ask you to concede me that position."

"Be hanged if I do, Fanshawe, I am your commanding officer."

"What commission do you hold?"

"I am *born*, you are not."

I met his eye, it fell; he tried again, "I was your senior captain in the Carabineers, sir."

I shook my head sadly, and it was upon the tip of my tongue to tell him that whilst I had sent in my papers, he had been broke; but all I said was, "We have both been out of that corps so long that I must ask ye for something of later date. . . . So? ye have nothing to show me. I, on the other hand, hold a . . ."

"A Swedish captaincy? Pshaw! I decline to recognize it!"

" . . . a major's commission in His Britannic Majesty's cavalry arm, sir."

(At Bob's instance I had stipulated for this rank before undertaking the business. "Ye run some risk of being took, Doodles, and a major is the lowest rank it is possible to exchange.")

At the word "major" the Count's eyes rounded, he clicked his heels and saluted me, though with no good will.

"Orders, major?" he asked curtly, though with concealed anxiety.

"Report first, sir, if you please. Are the troops won over?—absolutely, I mean. Let me know the worst. Are they willing, or unwilling? O, *willing*? That is good as far as it goes. Would they march at an hour's notice?"

"They would do it for me, major,"

said he, but his manner belied his words, and he proceeded to say that the men would want to touch the bounty before they set foot in stirrup.

"Then the thing is at an end, sir," I replied, mastering my annoyance. "Your instructions, of which I have a copy in my pocket, were to explain to the troops that nothing beyond the earnest-money would be paid until embarkation. I do not part until the last man and horse is on shipboard."

His face fell. "You mean you have brought no money."

"I have a trifle about me. I am not quite a fool, sir. The guineas are at my disposal; actually touchable at short notice, on shipboard, in fact; but I must see the regiments on the transports before I broach the kegs."

He cursed beneath his breath, and stamped up and down the dusty road snapping his fingers. "'Tis a bad egg, Fanshawe; I can do nothing with 'em without the cash."

"But, I believe I can," said I, thinking that he was not a man to inspire confidence, and understanding why I had been sent out to supersede him. This was going to be a ticklish job; I felt an uplift of spirit, as I saw the first fence of my adventure. Big it loomed, and black as a coalpit, but I would have a smack at it.

"And these five regiments, Mr. Stern, how many marches are they from the coast?" I asked, and was told they were quartered in a line of villages fifteen miles from east to west, the most distant less than five-and-half marches from the sea, "And no horse-artillery nearer; infantry won't stop them once they make a start. But, believe me, Major Fanshawe, 'tis no use thinking about it unless . . ."

"Count Ompèda—Mr. Stern, I mean, I am not asking you to think. I have taken over the command. When can we start, you and I?"

He hummed and hawed, had traveled the country so often that he felt sure he was suspected; confessed his fears; it was a desperate service; begged me to give him more time, to leave the matter in his hands if only for one more fortnight, or to throw it up. 'Twas the most hopeless scheme in the world, he assured me, impossible if hurried, or handled by inexperienced persons. He would guarantee nothing if interfered with; would prefer, indeed, in such a case to stand aside.

In this strain he proceeded so far as he dared. I heard him out without remark, and resumed my questions.

Producing and checking with him my lists of regimental officers, and the quarters in which they lay, I made notes of the routes, got from him the passwords agreed upon, and the places of rendezvous. (O, up to a point he had done well; what had stopped him?) I thought the man grew more cheerful as we went further into it, but presently decided that 'twas only because he thought that his active share in the affair was concluded.

I, meanwhile, was growing dismayed. My subordinate's descriptions of the persons of the men with whom I must treat, men whom he professed to have conversed with, and with whom he would have had me believe an understanding had been reached, were too indefinite to guide me if I were to approach them unIntroduced. And here was my *aide* hanging back!

"The Commandant of the 1st Light Dragoons, — von Liusingen, — what manner of man is he to look at?—tall or short? light or dark?"

Ompèda's eye wandered, "Haw," said he, rubbing his chin, "much such a figure as yourself, I should say."

"And Colonel Victor von Alten, and this von Reden?" I persisted, pressing him gently and finding him restive.

"Really, Major Fanshawe, I am not a portrait painter, and have little gift

for description. Their uniforms are very similar, ye must understand, and they conform to the regulations as to shaving and the like. As for their hairs and eyes, I am sorry I am unable to satisfy ye, for I have only met these gentlemen by candle-light."

I nodded, this inquest was growing hopeless.

"And the commandants of the two regiments of heavies, sir, Colonels von Bock and von Schultz, how would ye describe them to me, so that I may feel sure that I am in the presence of the right men, I mean?"

"Good Gad, major!" cried Ompèda testily, striking an attitude, "did ye suppose I was instructed to treat with the whole French army of occupation?"

"With the Hanoverian cavalry force, sir," I replied.

"Which I have done, major—that is to say with the three regiments of Light Dragoons. What more does the Minister for War expect of me?"

"Obedience to his instructions, sir, I should suppose. Am I to understand that ye have not approached the Heavies?"

"I have not . . . as yet . . . certainly. I conceived that to do so would imperil the whole affair. And, come to that, the three corps which I have in play are 2,200 strong. Add the Heavies and ye would have 1,500 more. We have not shipping for such a force."

Which was absurd. The British fleet had lain off that coast all the summer. Since Trafalgar we could transport as many troops as we chose, and where we would. All this was known to the man; he was creating difficulties.

He must have divined my thought, for he broke in abruptly, "As Major Fanshawe is pleased to be dissatisfied with my conduct of these negotiations I beg leave to resign my commission."

My Creator gave me a wooden face; I learned silence from Abel. At this



juncture I needed both art and nature, for the moment was critical. This person held the threads of an affair of great importance, and had been supplied with a considerable sum, but had nothing to show for it. So much I knew, for my mission was a consequence of his remissness. His employers had reasons for superseding him, and here, at our first interview, the fellow had resigned.

One could have put a harsher name to it. A soldier cannot "resign" in the face of the enemy; but he can desert.

Dawnay has told me that in my case he would have used the pistol which I carried. I will admit that this course did occur to me. In an army of two if the second in command proposes to "resign," and to make off with the archives and plans, pass-words and maps of the seat of war, what shall his chief do?

Here was a pretty quandary. The man was incapable, or worse. But, I should need him for some time yet. How introduce myself to the Hanoverians? How explain his absence? Men in their position would be suspicious of a new negotiator unvouched for by the only British agent known to them. Ompèda was their countryman, besides.

His demand was preposterous. In a business of this shy complexion one cannot turn an unsatisfactory subordinate adrift, nor allow him to send in his papers.

I wondered if he had considered his future. England would be no place for a man who had "resigned" in the midst of an action; while the only terms upon which he could remain in Germany were such as would be vastly prejudicial to myself, and still more so to those compromised Hanoverians.

It might come to shooting him presently; or he me, for I had detected the protuberance of a pistol-butt beneath his coat. I detested the idea of killing

him, for he had been my personal enemy, yet, it might be my duty. Summary military execution of a mutinous subordinate by his superior may be justifiable. Cromwell held that it was, and acted upon his opinion on occasion.

The possibility of my having to resort to it had been contemplated by those at the War Office who drew my instructions. The delays and protracted silence of their agent, and better acquaintance with his record, had excited their vehement suspicion. "Mr. Stern" was believed to be the notorious Count Ompèda, and I had been given a free hand in dealing with him.

*"In the event of Mr. S. disputing your commission, disobeying your commands, or showing a disposition to desert, or to betray the cause you are serving, you are to consider that the lives and honors of many persons may be involved in such derelictions, and shall act with promptitude and all necessary severity."*

And, lest I should find myself hampered or daunted by the indefinite letter of my written instructions, the Chief Clerk at his parting with me had amplified these in the gallant manner in which I have observed gentlemen talk who sit at home at ease, and have never handled a weapon or been confronted by an emergency.

"In a word, major," said this official, a fatherly person who would have been embarrassed if requested to kill a cat, "I'd advise ye to stand none of the man's nonsense. If ye have any doubts of his honesty (and we have here), do not hesitate, my dear sir, to put a ball through his nob. Yes, shoot him down, major, destroy all papers, and come home instantly and report to me. Consider your duty to His Majesty, the safety of the persons to whom you are accredited, and your own, my dear sir, your own."

Certainly my safety lay that way, and blank failure also. I had not come out to fail.



And, 'twas all very well to say "shoot," but, what was I to do with the body? The crack of my pistol would carry far in the still air of a summer morning. Nor were the questions and fears of terrified boors all that I must answer and allay. There were the people of the *Schwarzer Adler*. Nor was my horse fit for a hurried retreat.

I must resort to diplomacy. Omptèda, a dull fellow, never guessed what whirling alternatives had spun in my brain before I spoke.

"My dear Mr. Stern," I laughed, forcing myself to speak pleasantly, "you must see that I cannot release you. How the dickens can I, placed as I am, relieve, or replace ye? When I compared our positions to two men upon one horse, I might more justly have said a couple of men upon a raft. We have absolute need of one another, you and I. Our honors are engaged in this; there can be no backing out until the last card has been thrown. Grant that ye are a trifle discouraged, the game isn't lost. There is half the deal yet to play.

"I am going to approach the Heavies, and shall need your help and presence. That *hausfrau*, may I trust her?"

"Assuredly, major. She is a Hanoverian, a new-comer to this part. She is in the Fair Trade, ye know what I mean, and wholly in the British interest. Her son is Troop Quartermaster in the Third Light. It is through him I am at work. His younger brother lost a hand through the bursting of a carbine this spring, was invalided home and died."

"Are his regimentals in the house?—Good! That is lucky. We must have them. You say you are known as a civilian, make up as my orderly. We start tomorrow."

You may feel surprise at hearing of a depôt of contraband twenty miles from the coast, but should remember the conditions imposed by Buonaparte's

Continental System, and those Berlin and Milan Decrees by which the Corsican hoped to starve Great Britain into submission by destroying her trade.

The conception was colossal, but like others from the same prodigious brain, the invasions of the Orient, Spain and Russia, was foredoomed to failure because out of harmony with the facts of Man and Nature.

The peoples he dragooned needed our products, and we, just across the narrow sea, were bound to sell our wares or perish. The strain was intolerable, every continental housewife who used needles, scissors, sugar; every French army contractor under bond to clothe or arm the Imperial forces was tempted to evade ordinances which neither domiciliary visits nor drastic punishments could render effective.

Coffee was making five shillings the pound in Dresden. Instantly upsprang a vast contraband trade. Every creek and sandspit from Cuxhaven to the Texel, the shingle beaches of Normandy, the fisher-havens of Brittany, were open to English luggers.

Our fleet held the seas; its captains winked with both eyes at a trade with which they sympathized, and upon traders upon whose information they depended.

But, you will ask, How was the thing worked? How dared Frenchmen, Hollanders, Danes, commit their orders to writing, or sign letters, which if seized would consign the correspondents to the gallows? Would merchants in Hamburg, Rouen or Rotterdam, or manufacturers in Sheffield or Bradford, keep faith with the avowed enemies of their country's flags, or adventure their monies or their goods without cover?

But, what I saw whilst upon this and other expeditions, and what I learned from those with whom I traveled and conversed, convinced me that the av-

erage man of every race is better, more honest and humane than the government under which he lives.

An order for goods from France would be received by a manufacturer in Leeds signed by a single initial, and although its execution involved the weaving of many hundreds of yards of cloth of a width, texture and color unsuited to the English market, its recipient would unhesitatingly execute the commission. Nor, was default ever made in payment.

To such an extent was this extraordinary business carried on, and through such wide channels did it flow, that when in Paris with the allied troops in 1815 I was credibly informed that the locks and barrels of the muskets carried by the French regiments were forged in Sheffield, and that the blue overcoats of the Corsican's infantry were notoriously of West Riding cloth.

If any of my young relatives should feel inclined to reject this last paragraph as an example of the lively Gallic imagination, let me assure them of what I, myself, during the later years of the Peninsular War was cognizant. Lord Wellington, in distress for specie wherewith to pay his troops and obtain supplies of beef, permitted a large contraband trade in Lisbon with the emissaries of Marshal Soult for the sake of the gold which it brought into Portugal, and thus fought the French with their own money!

I left myself and the Hanoverian standing in the bare, white highway very much at cross purposes. If I ordered him to accompany me to the quarters of the nearest Heavies it was probable that he would give me the slip. I had decided not to execute him there and then for reasons. Yet to leave such a person between me and my base whilst I prosecuted my business single-handed was a risk I cared not to face.

I played for time, still investigating, but with less asperity, suggesting methods. He raised difficulties which I over-ruled. He started others: his manner convinced me that there was something behind all this. An idea occurred to me; I came to the point.

"The fact is, sir, ye don't like leaving this woman,—the dark one."

He bridled stiffly, "Sir,—Major Fanshawe, I must ask ye to take care what ye say. The lady is the Countess Ompèda."

"Count, I beg your pardon. 'Twas impossible that I should have known. Why, in Heaven's name, did ye bring a lady with ye upon such a service as this?"

His manner relaxed, he was all excuses and protestations. "I did not. I never dreamed of such folly. Ye don't understand. My wife and I have been separated for years. I thought her dead. This *gasthaus* is a smugglers' haunt. She came here seeking a passage to Maldon on the Crouch, or Pinmill on the Orwell. By the greatest chance I was in the house, for these Fairtraders carry my letters. She recognized me! Curse it all!—(And yet I don't know why I should say that)—She reclaims me!" He stamped about the road raising a dust. "I profess I cannot shake her off, and, situated as I am, I dare not quarrel with her if I wished. But, do for the Herr Gott's sake, and for pity, Mr. Fanshawe, consider my predicament! Who ever heard the like? Here am I immersed in the most delicate negotiation a man ever set his hand to, an infernally risky matter, begged, as ye will own before ye have gone much farther into it,—here am I, I say, in a service which demands all my poor wits, and calls for a man with power to be up and off at a word,—and ye find me hung up like a sheep amid briars, engrossed, hampered, my very neck endangered, by the presence,—not to mention the vagaries,

—of a deucedly passionate, infatuated woman, an expensive woman, sir, and jealous, damme, as a fury!"

His face had fallen. The poor baffled fellow crossed and recrossed the dusty road lifting little puffs with his toes, making short turns like an angry skipper upon a small deck, wholly unconscious of what a sorry figure he cut, or of who might have us under observation.

And as I watched him I noted how the ugly animal countenance of the man grew humane and even pathetic.

"I hope ye will not make a mock of me, Fanshawe, but, 'tis God's truth, I do care for her still, tho' 'tis fourteen years and more since we parted, begad! —Faith, sir, a man can't leave a woman, a lady of title, near as high-born as myself, sir, among *bauern* and sailors, with hardly a rag to her back, and not one thaler to chink against another.

"For the long and the short of it is I am stone-broke. The Secret Service Department is so cursed near, and so demnably suspicious, that I am expected to win over five regiments from the French by my personal credit, or with promises, sir. The man doesn't live who could do it."

He had talked himself out of breath. I began to see my way. Luckily for us the roads were white and empty as far as the eye carried.

"Let us be getting back to the *gasthaus*, Count. I will ask ye to convey my respects to the Countess Omptèda, and to say that Major Fanshawe solicits the honor of being presented to her."

He cocked a suspicious eye and considered my proposal for a moment. "That must be as the Countess chooses, Major. Ye don't know her. I do. But, if she receives ye I would beg ye on no account to allow her to excite herself. The lady has had an illness, and suffers from spasms when crossed." He tapped his forehead, and turning

we retraced our steps to the *Schwarzer Adler*.

I must have waited near three hours for my interview. The toilette of *une grande dame* cannot be hurried. Hot water and a saucer of fine flour did I see taken up to her room, and possessed my soul in patience wondering what the finished article would be like.

She descended; she arrived. The Countess dressed to receive was a different object from the frowsy creature in dirty *peignoir* and *papillotes* of whom I had gotten a momentary glimpse. The lady swam into the room upon her husband's arm, detached herself, dropped me a noble curtesy, a regular cheese, and after my presentation by Omptèda, dismissed him with a severe smile and bade me be seated.

At close quarters I found her a woman of forty, black-haired, thick-browed, high-colored, with an imposing presence and courtly manners.

I judged that she had once been handsome, and found her still robustly comely, when, as at present, she was in a good humor. From the set of her lip, and the lines between her eyes, I suspected that upon occasion she could be robustly formidable.

Me she set herself to captivate, and, as you can understand, I was willing to make a good impression, for seldom have I stood in more need of an ally.

"Major Fanshawe," she began so soon as her husband had withdrawn, and her speech was in the English used by women of the Hanoverian aristocracy, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, and, if possible, still more delighted to make it here," she glanced about the apartment simpering deprecatively, "and at this moment," she sighed plaintively; then, as I inclined in silence and made no remark, clenched her fists, beat upon her knees and let herself go.

"O, Major, how I could curse!—

That mutton-headed husband of mine has made the devil's own mess of his affair!—I swear I could have done ten thousand times better myself! He is . . . what you see! (May the Good God forgive me, for I love the fool!) but, in a word the man is *ein dumme, ein stumme*" (a this, that, and the other, she ran herself down at last). "Was ever such an idiot? He has begun at the wrong end! yes, with the senior troop quartermaster! He has tampered with the loyalty, or the cupidity, of the privates before sounding the Colonels Commandant! Du liebe Gort, was ever such folly? Before Heaven I solemnly profess that except the All-highest had in His mercy guided my feet to this house at the critical moment the poor Count must have destroyed himself, and most likely those whom he had approached. *Il était resté Gros-Jean . . . comme devant,*" she snapped her fingers.

"Succeed he cannot. 'Tis not upon the cards. I have told him to his face he will at best ruin the discipline of the corps, and get to his ships (if he gets any) only the *mauvais sujets* of the three regiments, a cargo of deserters and mutineers."

This was sense. I bowed. Here was a woman of affairs with whom a man could discuss things upon equal terms.

"O, *qu'il me gêne!* this one!" she broke forth again. "I, who am massacred to reach England, where I have remittances and rents due to me, and troops of influential friends, and am awaited, Major; for, in a word, sir, you and I—you and I are in the same service," touching closed lips with her fan, whilst her fine dark eyes hinted secrets of state, things unutterable, "I, who am on tiptoe to start, I repeat, am detained here at infinite distress to the nerves, and in real peril from hour to hour by the miscarriage of this ridiculous business. But I cannot, I will not

desert the Graf (I could not get a passage without him suitable to my station). But, at this rate, *mon dieu*, there will be no passage for either of us, but a halter for him as a spy, and a prison for me!"

Her mouth worked, her eyes burnt and then filled. With a few vigorous sniffs and the exhibition of an empty salts-bottle, she regained composure. "You are off tomorrow, so he tells me. You will attempt the commandants. I will trust the Graf with you, sir, for I like your manner and appearance. Yes, I think you will carry your point with gentlemen. *Vous avez le trac. Mais oui!* Yes, and I approve this uniform. It suits your figure, Major, you have the air of a man of the noblesse. Where have I seen the blue and silver before? It is not British.—O! *Swedish!* But, I was never in Sweden, nor have met men in King Gustaf's service so far as I can remember. But, my memory is not what it was before my misfortunes."

She had arisen. I arose. The lady, still puzzling with knit brows, was stroking my sleeve with her right hand, her left soothing some pain in the back of her head.

"This was wet and tarnished, O, *très mouillé*, but, it is the same . . . O, my poor head! Will Major Fanshawe excuse me?"

I offered my arm, for she was trembling. Omptèda awaited us in the passage and assisted the Countess to her chamber.

Rejoining me later he reassured me. She was lying down, but already better. It seemed that in consequence of a fall, or blow, received some years before, the story of which he did not know, the Countess could not be depended upon to conduct a conversation for long with perfect coherency.

I commiserated, but could remember nothing in our interview which need have excited the lady.

"Nor can she, Major, 'tis inexplica-

ble. These attacks are uncertain things. This is her first for a month. . . .

"An extraordinary woman, Major, poetess, linguist, musician, *une diplomate*, too," with a droop of the voice and a glance toward the door; "I assure ye, in strict confidence, mind, she has enjoyed the friendship of the Highest Personages in Europe, Fanshawe."

He paused with a face of pompous perplexity, upon the point of making some disclosure which might add to the importance of his lady, or himself, but on second thoughts decided to withhold it. I bowed. He hemmed and proceeded.

"To be short, Major, the Countess until two years ago, up to the general break-up of things here in fact, was the unofficial, but real, channel of communication between the British Foreign Office and one of the German Courts: I'll not specify which too particularly." He nodded importantly, and offered his snuff-box. I saw no reason to doubt him: such things have been.

'Twas plain that whatever their past misunderstandings, this brutal fellow was once more in love with his wife, admired her, was proud of her, afraid of her, and would be wax in her masterful audacious hands.

I ventured to doubt whether her professions of affection for him were sincere, but decided that as I could not do without her I must needs do with her. During our interview I had used my eyes. Her costume, if of fashionable cut was of peasant materials. Nor was she wearing brooch, necklace, or ear-rings.

Ompèda had spoken the truth. Both were hard up, and I felt confident that he would suggest her making the appeal to me for funds which he knew I should refuse to himself.

Sure enough, later in the forenoon, the Countess approached me afresh. I was right, her necessities were driving her too hard to admit of squeamishness or delay.

Could I assist her with a temporary loan? I bowed, and presumed that she would prefer my making it to her husband.

"To the Count?—God forbid! No, Major, to myself, to *me*, every thaler of it! Were ye not of the same mess once? Do ye not remember his weakness? Eitel is a gamester, ever was; 'twas the cause of our quarrel, our separation. He ran through my *dot* at faro before we had been three months married."

"Countess," said I, "I will beg you to be perfectly open with me. Your husband brought out with him not less than five thousand guineas. What has become of them?"

She stiffened silently, picking the coarse lace of her sleeve.

"Countess, I must know everything before I can help you—or him."

The woman looked me up and down in warlike sort, her bosom heaving, her muscular under lip at work, 'twas touch and go, but her needs tamed her.

"Major, if I tell ye 'tis under seal of confidence. I could fob ye off and say 'twas gone to those dragoons, but they would deny it. . . . I like ye," I bowed, "I will tell ye the true truth, for my Count and I are so situated that 'tis one way or the other, and unless ye befriend us, and screen him . . ." she gulped and wiped her eyes with a ragged lace handkerchief. "'Twas this way: the main of it was lost at cards to the ward-room of the frigate in which he came out. The officers and their guests for the voyage, a couple of military *attachés*, rooked my poor dear whilst in liquor, so he swears. Oh, those *gentlemen* of the *Vigilant*! When I reach England they shall smart for it! I have friends, Major."

"Countess," I said, "I need not comment upon what ye have confided to me. I am inexpressibly shocked, but shall keep this knowledge to myself. You are well-advised to have warned



me from entrusting the poor Count with funds. He was not cut out for an army-agent."

"Sir! How dare ye? The Omptèdas are *veille roche*, they are older than the Habsburgs!"

I tendered my humblest apologies for having even hypothetically, and negatively, associated so nobly-descended a personage with finance, and asked to be permitted to act as banker to our party until we reached Home. "You will allow me to offer you a trifling loan to meet the demands of our good *hausfrau*, Countess. You will be as safely bestowed in this place as in any whilst our business is a-doing. And now, I must enlist you in it, yes, yourself, for I need you. I am set upon detaching all five regiments from the Corsican, and believe I shall do it.

"But I require your Count's assistance, and this I look to you to secure me. He is dashed in spirits, nervous and half-hearted. Encourage him, my dear madam, make him see that his and your honors, fortunes, yes, and liberties and lives, hang upon the success of this affair.

"Help me and I will help you, Countess, with my good word with the Commander-in-Chief."

She regarded me with a sombre but earnest scrutiny, "Bei Gott, Major, I think ye have it in you to carry this through. Eitel shall back ye, or I'll know the reason why," and having spoke she nodded twice, good, confirmatory, Junonian nods, and smote her broad thigh with her palm, the gesture of a man. As she arose I knelt and kissed her finger-tips: we had sealed our bond! When I had bowed her from the room I found myself smiling, amazed at myself: all this was new practice for me. Yet I liked it. The country was big, very big, and blind, very blind, but I would ride it, and, at the worst, should have a run for my money.

The sad-faced, gray *hausfrau* was approached, and for a consideration produced uniforms of her dead son which we found fitted the Count extremely ill. Luckily the deceased had been a man of height and girth, for whilst garments can be taken in, 'tis sometimes impossible to let 'em out. Two determined seamstresses, one of them a genius, can do much in a day and a night.

But clothing, especially uniform, affects the imagination of the wearer. My ex-captain of dragoons, thus reduced to the ranks, bore himself more submissively.

Nor to me alone: that imperious dame of his, working against time, did not spare him, and I, awaiting results, must overhear his humiliation through the partition which divided our rooms.

"*Halten sie sich stramm, Eitel! . . . Fest an den beinen, Kalbskopf!*" admonition impressed with the point of her needle as the *obligato* "Yow! Ca, me fait mal!" suggested. "*Ne me gourgandez pas, mon ange! . . . An-schnautzen sie mich, bitte!*"

My eyes opened wide, my lips fell apart. The ways of lovers are very various, nor can any of us tell in advance how the man will carry himself toward the woman after marriage, but, here was a side of the fellow that I had never seen. In this henpecked benedict I failed to recognize the bully of my old mess, that tyrant of the sub-alterns of the Fifth, whom I had seen cut my groom Hymus (at that time a trooper) twice across the face with a riding-whip in recognition of a momentarily delayed salute.

The husband's troubles and the wife's labors came to an end at last, and after sunset on the day following Count Omptèda, a trooper of the First Hanoverian Light Dragoons, rode southward behind me in the lowest of spirits.

(To be continued.)



## THE WAR AND NATIONAL TEMPERANCE.

The war has produced many surprises. Impressions gained from books and even from prolonged visits to and residence in the combatant countries, have amidst the furnace of war proved to be mistaken. Perhaps no people have so falsified expectation as the French. Everybody expected from them the dash, the excitability, the volatile temperament liable to gusts of passion, of exaltation in success and depression in failure, that have hitherto characterized them in common with the other Latin races. Instead we have witnessed a sober seriousness, a lack of excitement, a grim, undemonstrative self-control in face of the most moving events and discouraging circumstances. This might have been looked for amongst the Teutonic peoples, but as exhibited by the French with the memories of their revolutions, and even of their history since 1870, it seems to indicate a radical change in their national character.

What have been the effects of the war on us? And does the history of the past two years afford any indication of the kind of people we shall emerge from this agony when it is overpast?

The war came suddenly. For only four or five days before its outbreak were the British public aware of its imminence. To the man in the street war was unthinkable. Even through those anxious days most men not actually "in the know" doubted its possibility, and still more the possibility of our being involved. Then came the German attack on Belgium followed by the announcement that we had declared war. Still the public could not grasp the accomplished fact, and some were inclined to blame the Foreign Minister for needlessly imperiling the nation. Not until the

White paper made known the efforts Sir Edward Grey had put forth to maintain peace did the British public begin to realize the truth.

Whatever other motives may have worked in the minds of statesmen, diplomatists, the military classes, and the professional jingoes, the motive of the nation at large was neither gain nor glory, but a stern and withal temperate resolve to perform a national duty by punishing the violation of international right, and making its repetition, even by the mightiest military power the world has known, too dangerous to be attempted. That resolve has only stiffened as the horror has deepened, and as to the pillage and massacre of the civil population in Belgium and Poland, in Serbia and Armenia, have been added the submarine and aerial warfare with its outrages on peaceful commerce and undefended towns.

Thus the first effect of war was to sober the nation. Excitement there was; but it was kept under control. Of flag-wagging there was comparatively little, and violence and disorder, in spite of the incitements of sections of the press, only broke out in a few places and on a few occasions when, after some enemy outrage, the hooligan element found congenial employment in smashing and looting shops bearing foreign names. For the most part the ordinary citizens conducted themselves with dignity befitting the seriousness of the task they had undertaken.

The appeal for volunteers was responded to in such numbers as to embarrass the authorities, though the demeanor of the men under trying circumstances was admirable. As the need for soldiers grew, and the arrangements for enrolling them were improved, the numbers increased, and

the withdrawal of men has gone on continuously, until under the Derby Scheme and Military Service Acts, a larger proportion of our men has been withdrawn from civil life than in those countries in which conscription had been long established.

This withdrawal of men from industry, and the huge demand for labor in munition making, have caused such an exodus of women from domestic into industrial life as must influence profoundly and permanently the character of British life and of the British people. On the nature of that influence, more than on anything else, will depend whether the war will elevate and ennoble or demoralize and degrade the population of these islands.

Problems of politics, industrial and social organization, wealth production, education, etc., important though they are, and increasingly important though they will be during the reconstruction of society after the war, derive their importance chiefly from their effect on the character of the people.

Certain changes already seem inevitable, or have already appeared. One of the most remarkable is the great diminution in the number of able-bodied paupers and vagrants, alike in city and country.

The following are the numbers of casual paupers—mostly vagrants—relieved in England and Wales on the last Friday in each of the four quarters of the twelve months immediately before the war broke out, and the corresponding days in the year ending June, 1916:—

	Sept.	Dec.	Mar.	June
1913-14 . . .	7,279	6,131	8,609	6,320
1915-16 . . .	3,804	3,446	4,056	3,705

Vagrants have been a problem hitherto insoluble by police and poor-law authority. The instability of character and physical incapacity

which were thought to unfit them for regular work have not prevented their absorption in industry, and the effect of steady employment and certain and regular wages should be to change their habits and fit them for industrial life. One object of the reconstruction must be to continue the opportunity which the war has brought to these members of the underworld, and prevent their being again submerged by the pressure of the more efficient who will presently return to civil life. The problem has proved to be one not solely of character or capacity, but of opportunity. From that point of view it can henceforth be approached more hopefully by the statesman and social reformer.

But there is another side far less hopeful and more far-reaching. The war has called into the field a vast proportion of the finest physical and mental elements of the population. The present army is not, like the one commanded by Wellington, largely the product of press-gang and gaol delivery, but of patriotism and citizenship. It consists mainly of volunteers, and has absorbed about four millions of our finest men at their most fertile period. The result must be a lowering of the standard of parentage, and an increase in the proportion of children born of parents less fit and possibly less temperate. Unless the effects of heredity can be counteracted by better education and organization, and by the creation of a better environment, a lowering of the national standard, both physical and moral, is inevitable.

Let us turn now to the general influence of the war on national temperance. Times of great public excitement and change are invariably reflected in certain directions. The mind is disturbed, habits and customs are broken into, emotional impulses are given freer play. These are all

shown in conduct. Lawlessness, crime, disorder, drunkenness, and sexual indulgence indicate how far the conventional restraints of normal times have been loosened. So far as Great Britain is concerned, and Ireland also, except for the rebellion, which was political in its aims, the first three have been less than normal. Whether or not thieves and burglars have joined the forces or taken to honest industry, their activities have certainly been less, judging from the civil returns, than before war broke out.

A disturbing factor, however, is the increase in juvenile crime, due to the lack of parental control through the absence of fathers, and probably also to the depletion of school staffs, by turning teachers into soldiers.

Apart from general crime, the most potent cause of offenses against law, morals, and well-being is drink. Under the conditions of war-time people are peculiarly liable to its influence. The rapid enrolment of volunteers, the sudden popularity of the uniform, the leave-takings, the impulsive and unwise generosity of all sorts and conditions towards the potential heroes who had donned khaki, caused treating on a scale productive of much which was deplorable. Some of our gallant defenders proceeded to their training camps in a condition of maudlin hilarity that moved the pity and dread of those they had volunteered to defend. The friends left behind were often in the same condition. Later, the wives beguiled their loneliness by foregathering in public-houses, and spending on drink the regular allowance. Before, they had handled only small and often uncertain sums doled out to them by their husbands. Undoubtedly, for a time, certain classes of women drank more heavily, but the accusation was made far too general. Later it was found that the class was very limited. Those who had drunk

before now drank more; but a large body of hard-working honest housewives either spent the money on better food and clothing for their children and themselves, or saved it against the rainy day.

It is also a fact that the absence of the husband led to many irregular unions, but this does not necessarily mean an increase of sensuality.

Another result to be feared from the tearing up of home ties and the bringing together of hundreds of thousands of young men in strange surroundings away from home influence was widespread immorality. Unthinking girls, under the glamour of the uniform, in the unwonted emotional conditions of the times, might well have become easy victims of sexual lust. The foundations of conventional morality in some quarters seemed shaken, and it was even urged by some that unmarried girls should be proud to bear children to the young patriots who were to save their country. For a time the "war baby" scare received wide credence, and was "good copy."

Undoubtedly some sexual immorality has resulted from the abnormal conditions of war-time. But on the whole British men and women have passed through the ordeal far better than was expected, and have adjusted themselves to these conditions without much increased loss of self-control. The test of this is that the illegitimate births registered in England and Wales, which in 1913 were 37,909, were in 1914, with five months of war 37,329; in 1915, 36,245; and up to June 30th, 1916, 19,353.

The record in regard to drink is in many ways far from satisfactory. The danger of unrestricted facilities was seen and dealt with by our allies earlier and more drastically than by us. France prohibited the manufacture and sale of absinthe, her most

popular and dangerous beverage, and imposed severe restrictions on other alcoholic drinks. Russia's action was far more dramatic and effective. By imperial legislation she prohibited vodka, and by local option stopped the sale and consumption of all other alcoholic beverages. To the astonishment of the world, the Russian people not only accepted this without resentment, but themselves urged that the Government should move in the matter, and the erstwhile drunken moujik now lives in prohibition territory extending from the Baltic to the Pacific and from the White Sea to the Black Sea. M. Berek, the Finance Minister, stated on April 13 this year that the deposits in credit institutions, which at the outbreak of war were £691,000,000, had increased by March 31 this year to £1,091,000,000, which he attributes to prohibition. General Polivanov, then Russian Minister of War, in November, 1915, stated in an American paper, *The New Republic*, in describing the results of prohibition in Russia, that "the women are happy and pray God that the sale of liquor may never again be allowed. In their joy they are almost ready to bless the war." So striking have been the benefits that a law making it permanent is to be presented to the Duma, and is practically certain of passing.

The efforts of our own Government to deal with the problem have been weak and ineffective compared with those adopted in Russia.

The huge demand for munitions which has transformed British industry, with the withdrawal of millions as soldiers, created such a call for the labor of those remaining as almost to abolish unemployment and provide regular work at wages higher than ever before enjoyed. In great munition centers contractors found themselves unable to fulfil their contracts,

and delays were jeopardizing the prospects of victory by starving the troops of necessary war material. In desperation they approached the Government, explained that the difficulty was largely due to drink, and demanded its prohibition. So great was the alarm that had the Government in the spring of 1915 boldly opposed it, they might have got prohibition with the united support of Parliament and the nation. But until the Control Board (Liquor Traffic) was formed and commenced operations in July, 1915, the only measures taken were those of the military and naval authorities affecting the army and navy, and one or two futile Acts of Parliament increasing taxation and stopping the sale of immature spirits. With better wages men still got their liquor and paid the increased price. The tale of contracts delayed through hours and days lost in drinking continued. Facilities for drinking, accompanied by exhausting and continuous labor, undoubtedly proved to some men with more money than usual in their pockets a stronger temptation to indulgence than their patriotic feelings could overcome.

The drink bill, which in 1914 (including five months of war before the war-caused demand for labor had developed) had fallen by £2,218,000 to £164,463,000, rose in 1915 to £181,959,000. Of course some of this represents higher taxation, but in spite of the absence overseas of probably 2,000,000 men, those remaining at home consumed 78¾ million gallons of pure alcohol, only 6¼ millions less than the whole population consumed in 1914. Since the advent of the Control Board noticeable improvements have taken place. The Board now controls areas with a population of 30 millions. Over that area they have made treating illegal, reduced the hours of sale in clubs and public-

houses alike to an average of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per day, imposed restrictions on off sales, and prohibited canvassing for orders and sales on credit. At the request of the Naval Authorities they have made the Northwest of Scotland a prohibition area. The report issued on May 1st shows over the whole area a reduction in convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales from the 1914 weekly average of 2034 to a weekly average during March, 1915, of 940, a drop of over fifty-three per cent. The corresponding figures for Scotland are 1434 to 794, a drop of over forty-four per cent. But this is by no means the only test. The Departments responsible for the conduct of the war declare that the restrictions imposed by the Board have "increased the efficiency of the Transport service," improved "the discipline, training, and efficiency of soldiers," caused the work of ports and docks "to proceed with improved punctuality and efficiency," and "enabled ships to get away and to proceed to sea with greater dispatch."

The evidence shows that wherever applied these restrictions have produced similar effects on munition workers and on the civil population. The following phrases from reports of the chief police officials in different areas are typical of the whole:—Metropolis: "many fewer drunken persons in the streets"; Newcastle-on-Tyne: "better order in the streets, more comfortable homes, better cared-for children, and better time keeping at works"; Dunfermline: "more regular time keeping, better workmanship and greater sobriety."

But the most hopeful feature of all is in the spirit shown by the people, including the workmen who, it was feared, would rebel against being deprived of their accustomed drinking facilities. Take two English districts and one Scottish. Liverpool reports

"dock laborers have openly expressed their appreciation of the absence of the temptation to drink"; Derbyshire: "The only complaints that I have heard of are from people who sell drink"; Dunfermline: "The restrictions are appreciated by employers of labor, welcomed by the workpeople, and strongly supported by public opinion." These reports are not by Temperance advocates, but by police officials. Indeed, it is remarkable that the demand for restriction has been most insistent amongst business men and others never before associated with the Temperance movement, and not themselves total abstainers.

The acceptance by the great body of workmen of these restrictions without resentment proves that the patriotic spirit evoked by the war can be used to the lasting material and moral benefit of the whole population. Still, a weekly average that works out at the rate of over ninety thousand convictions a year for two-thirds of the population is still far too high, and shows that restriction alone will not make us temperate in the matter of drink any more than it will in other spheres. More and better alternatives to the public-houses are necessary, free from association with alcohol. The high prices of foodstuffs have reduced the purchasing power of the workman's sovereign to 13s. 10d., and lent irresistible power to the demand for increased Old Age Pensions and higher wages. These prices are made higher by the waste of foodstuffs in liquor production. Stoppage of waste is coming to be realized as vital to the shortening and winning of the war. On that ground a memorial demanding prohibition during the period of war and demobilization was presented to the Prime Minister on August 16, bearing over two million signatures gathered in six weeks. Many of the sheets were signed exclusively by



workmen in mines, munition works, etc., many exclusively by non-abstainers, and the response showed how widespread is the desire for the removal of liquor facilities and the willingness to sacrifice personal indulgence in the interests of the nation. Moreover, the combined effect of diminished consumption and anticipation of the Output of Beer (Restriction) Act passed in July has been to reduce the quantity cleared for home consumption of beer during the three months of April-June by 1,071,910 barrels or 14.35 per cent, and of spirits during the four months April-July by 4,517,000 gallons or 44.29 per cent as compared with the same months of 1915. With the benefits of partial restriction so patent, it should be inconceivable that after the war we should revert to the old conditions.

Into other aspects of the effect of war on national temperance there is not room to enter here. The raising of the standard of living as expressed in better clothes, furniture, music, etc., made possible by the higher wages of some, indicates true economy, and must make for betterment and improvement. The accusation of extravagance and waste is ludicrous, though it is justified as applied to the outlay on drink. And what of the £77,000,000 invested in War Loans by "small investors"? The real decrease through high prices in the wages of those in less fortunate trades which the war has injured enforces economies more harmful than extravagance, and must lead to underfeeding and decreased vitality, unless the nation prepares to deal with the food supply in such a way as to restore their standard.

*The Athenaeum.*

A review of all the circumstances gives little ground for pessimism. The furnace of war has refined and strengthened the national character. Apart from the few whose war-made fortunes have made legislation against luxury necessary, the people have safely passed through the moral dangers of the time, and emerged more sober, more moral, more thrifty, and more industrious. Parliament will have to face more complicated and vital problems than any of its predecessors, affecting not only international affairs, but political, educational, and above all economic. If the readjustment of industry, including the retention of opportunity for women in it, can be accomplished without widespread unemployment and distress, a nation will arise more than worthy the great traditions of the past. But there will be changes. The nation that has organized for war must organize for peace.

The State will play a larger part than heretofore in housing, commerce, transport, and industry. Life will be less individualistic, but, it is to be hoped, not less free. The great problem will be to reconcile organization and discipline with personal liberty, and to prevent dependence on State action from hampering individuality and personal initiative. We have had our lesson. If we learn from Germany the value of science, education, thoroughness, and efficiency, and avoid her mistakes by following our ideal of freedom for individuals and States, the British Empire may yet become the friend of all peoples, the guarantor of world peace, and the leader of mankind towards a nobler civilization.

*H. G. Chancellor.*

## CHINESE POETRY AND ITS SYMBOLS.

BY CAPTAIN L. CRANMER-BYNG.

In spring "for sheer delight," sang Yuan Mei, "I set the lanterns swinging through the trees." This was no formal Feast of Lanterns held in the first month of the year but his own private affair, the lonely ritual of a spring-worshiper and garden anchorite.

Perhaps those who loved him, and they were many, wandered his pleached alleys and maple groves and admired the lanterns with their red dragons that leaped and plunged in gold and silver seas, but I like to think that the guests were gone in long procession of gleaming boats when the old rose master looked on his garden and found it whiter and fairer than the far-off moon. At once you guess the whole charm and weakness of Chinese poetry. Here is the narrow moon garden of its range, its myriad dragons shoaling through unreal seas, its peonies with the souls of mandarins, and chrysanthemums with the shadows of children. Yet this sense of limitation and unreality belongs only to the surface, within this little space lies a vast world opened to us through symbols.

The moon hangs low over the old continent of Chinese poetry. Chang O, Moon-Goddess, is the beautiful pale watcher of the human drama and all that she has known of secret things, of passion and pleasure, swift ruin and slow decay, she records in music. Through her great Palaces of Cold drift the broken melodies of unrecorded lives. She is the Goddess alike of sorrow and love—of Po Chü-i who in exile hears only the lurking cuckoo's blood-stained note, the gibbon's mournful wail, and Chang Jo Hu who rides triumphant on a moon-beam into the darkened chamber of his lady's sleep. Her rays are more persistent than water; you may draw

the curtains and think you have shut out night with all its whispering of leaves but a tiny crevice will let her in.

Best of all the poets loved her when she lingered above the broken courts and roofless halls of vanished kings.

Time and Nemesis wrote large upon their walls, but moonlight brought them a glamour unknown to history, and cast a silver mantle lightly upon their dust. They were what Tu Fu and Meng Hao Jan willed—bright shadows in the rose alleys of romance; Gods of War and builders of their dreams in stone. At least one singer prayed the Moon that his passionate heart might haunt the ruins of Chang-An a nightingale. All sacred intimacies and desires that dare not clothe themselves in words have her confidence, and because she is Goddess as well as woman she will never betray them. She links together the thoughts of lovers separated by a hundred hills, and the lonely places of despair are steeped in her kindness. On the fifteenth of the eighth month she graciously descends from her "domain, vast, cold, pure, unsubstantial" and grants the desires of all who await her coming.

Lastly she is the link between the present and the past, binding us in the solemn hours to the men or women who have lived and wrought beneath her spell. One Chinese poet, remembering in moonlight the lovers of long ago, prayed that lovers yet to come might also remember him. Two hundred years had flown, and after a night of splendor some woodman, passing at dawn, found a double lotus on a broken tomb. And Kyuso Muro, the Japanese philosopher, has written: "It is the moon which lights generation after generation and now shines in the

sky. So may we call it the Memento of the Generations. As we look upon it and think of the things of old, we seem to see the reflections of the forms and faces of the past. Though the moon says not a word, yet it speaks. If we have forgotten them, it recalls the ages gone by. . . . The present is the past to the future, and in that age someone like me will grieve as he looks upon the moon."

In the time of the T'ang Dynasty there lived a retired scholar whose name was Hsuan-wei. He never married but dwelt alone, yet his companions were books and flowers his little friends. If he had any enemies they were frost and wind and blight and mildew. Three seasons brought him joy and one sorrow. Love to him meant the gentle opening of rose petals, and death their fall. The neighbors never troubled about him, for how could there be scandal between a man and flowers. No woman ever plundered his garden and desecrated his Temple of Abiding Peace. In fine, he was the happiest man that ever lived.

Then something came to pass. It was "blue night" and the garden never looked whiter underneath the moon. And every tree melted into the spirit of a tree peering between its luminous leaves. The wu t'ung whispered to the maple, and the maple passed the story round to the mountain pine of the phoenix that augustly condescended to rest in its branches some long-forgotten spring. Only the old willow stood apart and said nothing, for the willow is a wizard, and the older he gets the more crabbed and silent he becomes.

The owner of the garden stood spell-bound in the moonlight. Suddenly a blue shadow flitted shyly from among the flowers and a lady in a long robe of palest blue came towards him and bowed. "I live not far from here,"

said she, "and in passing to visit my August Aunt I felt a longing to rest in your beautiful garden."

The wondering philosopher stammered his consent and instantly a band of pretty girls appeared, some carrying flowers and some willow boughs. According to etiquette an introduction became necessary.

Then a girl in green announced herself. "I am called Aspen," and pointing to a girl in white, "her name is Plum," to one in purple, "she is called Peach," and so she went on till the last, a little maid in crimson, who was called Pomegranate. The Lady Wind who, she explained, was their maternal aunt eighteen times removed, had promised them a visit which for some reason she had delayed. As tonight's moon was unusually bright they had decided to visit her instead. Just at that instant the Lady Wind was announced, and with a great fluttering of many colored silks the girls trooped out to greet her and one and all implored her to stay with them in the garden. Meanwhile Mr. Hsuan-wei had discreetly retired into the shadow. But when the August Aunt asked who the owner was he stepped boldly into the moonlight and saw a lady of surpassing grace with a certain gauzy, floating appearance, like gossamer. But her words chilled him, for they were like the cold breath stirring the leaves of a black forest, and so he shivered. However, with the true politeness of a Chinese host he invited her into his contemptible Pavilion of Abiding Peace where he was astonished to find a magnificent banquet already prepared.

So they feasted and sang, and I am sorry to say that many cups went round and the Lady Wind became both critical and extravagant. She condemned two unfortunate singers to pay forfeit by drinking a full goblet apiece, but her hands shook so as she held the goblets out that they slipped

from her grasp and fell with a crash to the floor. And much wine was spilled over poor little Pomegranate, who had appeared for the first time in her new embroidered crimson robe. Pomegranate, being a girl of spirit, was naturally annoyed, and, telling her sisters they could court their Aunt themselves, she blushed herself off.

The Lady Wind, in a great rage, cried out that she had been insulted, and though they all tried to calm her she gathered her robe about her and out of the door she flew off hissing to the east. Then all the girls came before their flower philosopher and bowed and swayed sorrowfully and said farewell, and floating through the portals vanished into the white parterres around; and when Mr. Hsuan-wei looked, lo the Temple of Abiding Peace was empty, as all temples of its kind should be. And he sat down to wonder if it was a dream. For every trace of the feast was gone, and yet a faint, subtle fragrance lingered as though some gracious and flowerlike presence had been once a guest.

Next night, when strolling in his garden, he was suddenly encircled by his little friends. They were all busy discussing the conduct of Pomegranate and urging her to apologize to the August Aunt eighteen times removed. It was evident that they went in fear of her since last night's unfortunate revel. But little red Pomegranate would have no truck with Aunt Wind, who had spoiled her nice new robe. "Here is one who will protect us from any harm," she cried, pointing to the surrounded form of M. Hsuan-wei. So they told him how each year they were injured by spiteful gales and how Aunt Wind had to some extent protected them.

Mr. Hsuan-wei was sorely puzzled. "How can this contemptible one afford protection?" he asked. Pomegranate explained. It was such a

very little thing required of him—just to prepare a crimson flag embroidered with sun, moon and stars in gold and hoist it east of the garden at dawn on the first morning of each new year, then all hurricanes would pass by them. Accordingly he promised, and the next day saw him stitching golden stars on a crimson background. And he rose early, an hour before the dawn, on the appointed day and set his flag duly towards the east in the breath of a light east wind. Suddenly a great storm gathered and broke. The world rocked. The air was dark with flying stones and whirling dust. The giants of the forest cracked, others were overwhelmed. But in Mr. Hsuan's garden there was a deep calm. Not a flower stirred. Then in a flash he understood. His little friends whom he had saved from destruction were the souls of his little flowers. That night when the moon was midway they came to him with garlands of peach and plum blossom, whose taste conferred the beauty of everlasting youth. Mr. Hsuan-wei partook of the petals and straightway the lingering drift of old sorrows from the days of his ignorance melted like snow from his heart. And with it went all the pathetic rubbish that even a flower philosopher allows to accumulate. He became young and divinely empty, yet in his soul pulsed the *élan* vital of Mr. Henri Bergson. "Soon afterwards," says the ancient chronicle, "he attained to a knowledge of the True Way, and shared the immortality of the Genii."

This story is typical of many. In the West it would be passed by as a pretty if rather naïve and simple fairy tale. Yet behind all Chinese poetry and folk lore, underlying all art, is the ancient philosophy of the True Way. And this is the Way of Happiness according to Liu An:—"Most men are vexed and miserable

because they do not use their hearts in the enjoyment of outward things, but use outward things as a means of delighting their hearts." To enjoy is to have the affinity to understand, the persistence to enter and finally the power to reproduce. All that we love we reproduce, and it so is with flowers, the best beloved of Mr. Hsuan-wei. It is that delicate sense of touch between life and life, between soul and soul, that alone enables the artist to give—not the imitation of a living flower, but the flower itself, reborn within him, and therefore his own child. And what was this immortality the Genii bequeathed to Hsuan-wei except the sense of eternal youth that comes when kinship and affinity with the little bright children of nature is established. And so the philosopher has joined the immortals and lives in the sister realms of poetry and fairy lore, and every garden-lover sees him walking by moonlight surrounded by his fairy-flowers. Outside Aunt Wind, that shrill hater of all things beautiful, betrayer of woodland secrets, beats vainly at the magic barrier—a little crimson flag.

The Dragon is one of the four spiritually endowed creatures of China, the others being the Unicorn, the Phoenix and the Tortoise. There are four principal Lung or Dragons—the Celestial Dragon, which supports and guards the mansions of the Gods; the Spiritual Dragon, which causes the winds to blow and the rains to fall; the Earth Dragon, which marks out the courses of rivers and streams; and the Dragon of the Hidden Treasure, which watches over wealth concealed from mortals. Here, however, we are chiefly concerned with the significance of the Dragon in connection with Chinese art and literature. From earliest times it has been associated in the Chinese mind with the element of water. Most of the great

philosophers have used this element by way of illustration, but Liu An, the mystical Prince of Huai-nan, has epitomized all that his countrymen ever felt or expressed on the subject:—

"There is nothing in the world so weak as water; yet its experience is such that it has no bounds, its depth such that it cannot be fathomed. In length it is without limit, in distance it has no shores; in its flows and ebbs, its increase and decrease, it is measureless. When it rises to Heaven, it produces rain and dew; when it falls upon the earth, it gives richness and moisture; there is no creature in the world to whom it does not impart life, and nothing that it does not bring to completion. It holds all things in its wide embrace with perfect impartiality; its graciousness extends even to creeping things and tiny insects, without any expectation of reward. Its wealth is sufficient to supply the wants of the whole world, without fear of exhaustion; its virtue is bestowed upon the people at large, and yet there is no waste. Its flow is ever onward—ceaseless and unlimited; its subtlety such that it cannot be grasped in the hand. Strike it—you hurt it not; stab it—you cause no wound; cut it—you cannot sever it in twain; apply fire to it—it will not burn. Whether it runs deep or shallow, seen or unseen, taking different directions—flowing this way and that, without order or design—it can never be utterly dispersed. Its cutting power is such that it will work its way through stone and metal; its strength so great that the whole world is succored by it. It floats lazily through the regions of formlessness, scaring and fluttering above the realms of obscurity; it worms its way backwards and forwards among valleys and watercourses, it seethes and overflows its bank in vast and desert wilds. Whether there be a superfluity of it, or a scarcity, the world



is supplied according to its requirements for receiving and for imparting moisture to created things, without respect to precedence in time. Wherefore there is nothing either generous or mean about it, for it flows and rushes with echoing reverberations throughout the vast expanse of Earth and Heaven."

If you close your eyes after reading this passage, you will see in a vision the flight of the Chinese Dragon, soaring and fluttering above the realms of obscurity. He is greater than Leviathan, "that crooked serpent" the storm dragon; greater than Tannin, dragon of the streaming rain; greater than Rahab, devourer of the westering sun, or Babylonian Tiamat, also the dragon deep. For these are the rude imaginings of early religionists and no more resemble him than primitive scratchings on rock or bone resemble the vast brood of Sekko, who "in olden time fancied dragons, painted them and spent days and nights in loving them." The former stand for chaos and rebellion, but the Chinese Lung is the ascending one rising to power through adaptability to change, recoiling upon himself only to produce new forms. "The dragon," says Kuan Tzu, "becomes at will reduced to the size of a silkworm or swollen till it fills the space of heaven and earth. It desires to mount, and it rises until it affronts the clouds; to sink, and it descends until hidden below the fountains of the deep." And so from a symbol of spiritual power from whom no secrets are hidden this dragon becomes a symbol of the human soul in its divine adventure, "climbing aloft on spiral gusts of wind, passing over hills and streams, treading in the air and soaring higher than the Kwan-lun Mountains, bursting open the Gate of Heaven, and entering the Palace of God."

The symbol suggests, and all Chi-

nese poetry is the poetry of suggestion. A poem is not merely inspired but inspiring. It implies collaboration between the poet and his audience.

Poetry, according to a Chinese commentator, is designed to raise the reader to a plane of mental ecstasy known to the Buddhists as *samadhi*. No great poem finishes when the last line is brought to a close. The poet has merely propounded a theme which the reader continues; "each stanza is but the unclosing of a door whose last swings out upon the eternal quest. Through the glimpse vouchsafed to us we ourselves become visionaries." In most early Chinese poems the influence of Taoism, the nature philosophy of Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu, is felt. With a philosophy based upon the words of Chuang Tzu, "The true sage, taking his stand upon the beauty of the universe, pierces the principle of things," it is small wonder that the broad stream of speculative thought found its final outlet in Chinese art and poetry.

#### ALONG THE STREAM.

BY LIPO—705-762 A.D.

The rustling nightfall strews my gown  
with roses,  
And wine-flushed petals bring forget-  
fulness  
Of shadow after shadow striding past.  
I arise with the stars exultantly and  
follow  
The sweep of the moon along the  
hushing stream,  
Where no birds wake; only the far-  
drawn sigh  
Of wary voices whispering farewell.

#### IN YUNG-YANG.

BY PO CHU-I.—772-846 A.D.

I was a child in Yung-yang,  
A little child I waved farewell.  
After long years again I dwell  
In world-forgotten Yung-yang.

Yet I recall my playtime  
And in my dreams I see  
The little ghosts of maytime  
Waving farewell to me.

My father's house in Yung-yang  
Has fallen upon evil days.  
No kinsmen o'er the crooked ways  
Hail me as once in Yung-yang.  
No longer stands the old Moot-hall,  
Gone is the market from the town;  
The very hills have tumbled down  
And stoned the valleys in their fall.

Only the waters of the Ch'in and Wei  
Roll green and changeless as in days  
gone by.

Yet I recall my playtime,  
And in my dreams I see  
The Poetry Review.

The little ghosts of maytime  
Waving farewell to me.

#### AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

BY LIU CH'ANG.—CIRCA 1150 A.D.

Moonlight! the floating mists are gone,  
a wind unveils the deep clear night.  
Star rivals star, and The Silver River  
draws to her breast the dreamy  
light.

Gaunt old trees cast shadows on the  
plain;  
Little birds hushed by fear are stirring,  
singing again.

And my heart is a tumult of song  
And a torrent of wild wings shaking  
free.

Home, home, home—I hear the long  
Shrill of the far cicada calling me.

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#### AT ALL COSTS.

One might have supposed it impossible for the Colonel to have found a single favorable condition about the coming fight. His battalion had withered away to little more than half its strength; that remaining half was almost completely worn out with want of sleep, with constant cruel fighting, with forced marching; had scarcely been brought out of the water-logged trenches to rest before being marched up into them again, had the prospect before them now of a desperate fight against enormous odds with no cover but the inadequate scratches that in those days passed for trenches, and with even these battered and smashed by shell fire, swimming in water and liquid mud.

It might even be difficult to understand any reason for his "Well, thank Heaven the orders are plain and simple enough this time," since those orders were "to hold the position *at all costs* until relieved," the words "at all costs" being heavily underlined, if

one had not known the nightmare uncertainty that in the Retreat-Advance days worried the harassed commanding officers to a point of distraction. Usually the orders were full of instructions to do this if the Germans retired, to do that if they advanced in strength, to do something else if they attacked any one of a dozen points; to conform to the movements of a certain regiment, to support the advance or cover the retirement of another or another—to have, in fact, enough possibilities to consider and act promptly upon to have kept a dozen heads and a hundred eyes very fully occupied; and all, of course, in addition to the C.O.'s own paramount job of fighting his battalion.

So that after all there was some cause for his relief at the simplicity of the orders which this time bade him hold on "at all costs," even although it might well be that those orders were the death-warrant of himself and most of his remaining men. He had no doubts as to the nature of the struggle close

ahead; indeed there was so little of a secret about it that every officer and man of the battalion was fully aware that the Germans had determined on an attack which was to break through the thin British line. There was to be no manœuvring, no feinting here and striking there, no cunning tactics about this attack. The Germans were going to strike straight and hard and heavy, and burst through by sheer hard fighting and weight of numbers—"Least-ways," as the brigade signaler put it in passing on this cheerful intelligence to the battalion signalers, "that's what they think they're goin' to do."

"I like their bloomin' cheek," said the signaler who took the message. "I wonder what they fancy we'll be doin' while they break through." The fact that a weak battalion of British infantry should consider itself fit to stem the advance of ten times their number of picked German troops did not appear to strike him in any way as being a piece of equally "bloomin' cheek."

The promised attack, however, did not develop for the next forty-eight hours, and during the whole of that time the battalion had to lie still and suffer such an inferno of bombardment, such a purgatory of bitter cold and driving rain, such a misery of knee-deep mud and crouching in painfully cramped positions, that at the end of the time they were openly praying for an attack, British or German, they did not care which, so long as it ended or even relieved the intolerable waiting.

"I made up my mind a month ago that I was bound to be killed," said Sergeant Billy Ruff of "C" Company disgustedly. "I'd sorter reconciled myself to bein' blotted out by a bullet, or blasted off the earth by a Black Maria, or skewered on a bayonet; but blow me if I ever counted on bein' drowned in a two-foot mud puddle as I looks like bein' now."

"Why don't the *soors*\* come on an' fight it out," said Corporal Smedley. "They *bukked*† enough about wot they was goin' to do. Why don't they *hitherao*‡ an' do it. I'm about sick o' this shellin' game."

"The shellin' is bad enough," agreed Sergeant Ruff, "but I'm sicker o' this swimmin' gymkhana. They ought to serve us out a cork jacket an' a swimmin' suit an' a harpoon a-piece instead o' a rifle, to play this game proper."

He was certainly fairly entitled to call the shelling "bad enough." It was the worst they had known yet, and that, for men who had been in it from the first days of Mons, was saying a good deal. The Germans appeared to have selected their portion of the front for the heaviest concentration of their artillery, and a rain of shells fell without ceasing night or day on the battered trenches. The men kept what cover they could, but that was little use against monster shells which blew to fragments them and their cover together. The British artillery was completely overwhelmed, and although it had struggled gallantly to maintain the unequal contest, was unable to afford the slightest relief to the suffering infantry. The casualties in the battalion mounted steadily, and apparently it was merely a matter of time until it should be utterly destroyed; but the men, although they grumbled deep and loud about the weather and the wet and the mud, the slowness of the Germans to attack, the bully beef and the biscuits and the missing of a rum ration, uttered no single grumble about the fate that kept them there or the wounds and death that carried them off singly and in groups.

At dawn of the third day the shelling rose to its highest pitch of fury. The wet ground shook to the roaring blast of heavy high-explosive, the air

\*Slang Hindustani—"pigs."

†"Talked."

‡"Come on."

pulsed and sang to the shriek of passing shells, the crack of bursting high-explosive "woolly bears," the rip and thud of their shrapnel showers. The noise was deafening, the smoke and reek of high-explosive fumes blinding and choking. The flank of the battalion rested on a road which ran through the British and German lines, and the trenches to both sides of this road appeared to have been selected for the heaviest share by far of the bombardment.

"They'll charge across the open and down the road," said Sergeant Billy Ruff. "You see now if I'm not right."

"I don't care a two-anna-bit how or where they charges," answered the private he spoke to, "if so be they'd only be *jildi*\* an' get on wi' the drill."

"Here they come," said the sergeant hurriedly. "*Dekko*† the road. Wot did I tell you? 'Strewth, an' there ain't 'arf a mob of 'em, I don't think."

"Hold your fire, men," called one of the officers. "Wait till they get well in the open. Pass the word—hold your fire"; and down the line of the wrecked trench ran the order from man to man, "Hold your fire—pass the word—hold your fire."

So they held their fire, although on the other side of the road the trenches had already opened at the longer range. Deceived apparently by the silence into believing that the battalion had retired or been annihilated by the storm of shell-fire, the Germans poured out into the open and swarmed down in solid mass. They sang in a deep chorus as they came running heavily and waving their rifles over their heads.

"Blimey, 'ark at 'em singing," said Sergeant Billy Ruff. "Come on, my bloomin' canaries, you'll get somethin' to sing about presently."

And they did "get something." When they were within two hundred

yards of the trench an officer's whistle shrilled, a line of heads and rifle barrels appeared above the parapet, and in one rolling crash the rifles broke out in the "mad minute" of fire. Now, in the training of the old Regular Army the "mad minute" was a firing practice to which a good deal of time and attention was devoted, and a remarkable proficiency attained in the two essential respects of speed in firing and accuracy of aim. Since it was a practice in which this particular battalion had acquired a notable reputation at a target and range immeasurably more difficult than was now presented to it, the effect on the dense mass of the attack may be imagined. The front rank was simply swept away in the first five seconds of the minute, and for another full fifty-five seconds the bullets beat down on the block of men, chopped up and cut away the advancing face of it, exactly as a chaff-cutter slices to fragments the straw bundle pushed under its destroying knives. At the end of the minute the mass had come to a stand-still; at the end of another it had broken and shredded away and was swirling back to cover with the relentless bullets still hailing after it and tearing through and through it.

"Funny thing," said Sergeant Ruff grimly, "I don't seem to 'ave 'eard no singin' lately. P'raps them Prussians 'as found out they come to the wrong room for the smokin' concert."

The respite was very short. Another mass of Germans swarmed out from their trenches and came on at a hard run, and again the British rifles broke out in a devastating whirlwind of fire. The attack was pushed harder and closer this time, till the defenders of the trench could simply point their rifles and fire without putting eye to sights and yet not miss because of the nearness and size of the target. Again the attack broke, or rather it was withered and burnt away as it came and came

\*"Quick."  
†"See."

into the face of the furnace-blast of fire; but this time the battalion did not cease to work bolt and trigger at top speed, because on their flank across the road the rush had come further and was already in places pouring in and down over the trenches. The regiment there had to give up the bullet for the bayonet and fight now for their bare lives; but the weight of numbers was too much for them, and gradually, still fighting fiercely, they were overborne, pressed back, thrust from the trench: yard by yard, killed where they stood in the parts where they still clung stubbornly and refused to budge. The regiment was practically annihilated, and their trenches were in the hands of the enemy.

"Now," said Sergeant Ruff, "this is where we gets ready to hang out the 'House Full' sign."

"Going to be a regular Guest Night in Mess, eh, sergeant? and every prospect of a full table," said a youthful lieutenant, grinning—and fell forward in the sergeant's arms with the laugh still on his lips and a bullet through his heart.

The Colonel had been killed by a shell the first day, and before he went he passed the word to the next senior, "Don't forget, Major . . . simple orders . . . hold on at all costs."

The Major was not long in command before he was out of action with a shattered thigh, and following him acting C.O. after C.O. was killed or wounded, until now the command was in the hands of the only captain left in the battalion. And each C.O. in turn received or knew his simple orders—"Hold on at all costs," and no C.O. of them all had any doubt as to how they were to be carried out.

So it was that when the trenches on their flank went, and the immediate prospect before the battalion was of out-and-out annihilation, the Captain made his way round the trenches,

splashing through muddy pools streaked and tinted with crimson, stumbling over the dead, stepping as carefully as might be over the men too sorely wounded to move aside, and repeated to his few remaining officers and senior N.C.O's the clear instructions, "Hold on at all costs."

"Not much doubt, sir, of how much the cost will be," one very junior lieutenant answered him.

"No," said the Captain gravely; "but we've done our job so far, and that's always something. Now we've only to make a good finish to it."

"We'll do that all right," said the lieutenant confidently. "We'll be cornered soon, but there's enough of us left to make them feel our teeth. And anyhow, we've made them pay a pretty full price already for this patch of ground," and he motioned with his hand out towards where the open out in front of their trench was carpeted thick with the German dead.

An orderly, stooping low, splashed along the trench to them. "The wire's through again, sir," he said, "and Brigade wishes to speak to you if you can spare a minute." He said nothing of how the wire had been got through, or of how its repairing had cost another good half-dozen casualties—which in itself is another tale well worth the telling. The Captain went to the telephone dug-out and crawled into the shallow, wet-dripping cave and called the Brigade and spoke with them there for five minutes. The Adjutant who was at the other end was an old personal friend of the Captain's, but chiefly because neither knew the instant the wire might be cut again they first talked strict business and left personal affairs out of it.

"Brigadier says to ask what chance have you," asked the Adjutant abruptly. "How much longer can you hold on?"

"Ten minutes after they attack in



force," said the Captain with equal brevity; "fifteen with luck; twenty at the outside. Trenches across the road are gone, you know, and we're getting cut up badly with enfilade fire now. There's nothing to stop them getting round behind us, so I expect to be attacked front, rear, and flank. We can't stand that off long."

"They've managed to spare us a few companies of supports," said the Adjutant quickly. "They're occupying the line behind you now, and the moment they're ready they'll be pushed up to help hold your trenches and retake the ones on your flank."

"If they don't hurry," said the Captain, "they'll have the job of retaking both lots. By the sound of the firing I fancy the attack is coming now. I must get along and see."

"All right. Good luck, Jacky."

"Good-bye," said the Captain. "You know the messages I'd like sent if . . . And tell the General we held on to the end. Good-bye."

He was gone, and at the other end the Adjutant sat for some minutes listening to the empty singing of the wire. That cut off suddenly to the flat deadness that means a broken connection, and the Adjutant dropped the useless instrument and hurried out to try to catch a glimpse of the last act. It was little enough he could see, for a driving misty rain obscured the view again; but from that little and from the fragments that he gathered after from the handful of wounded brought in, it was easy enough to piece out the finish.

The attack developed, as the Captain had predicted, on front, rear, and flank. Under cover of a storm of frontal and enfilade fire the Germans swarmed up along the rear of the battalion's trenches. A score or two of men were faced about to try to beat back this rear attack, but their bullets were as powerless to stop it as pebbles flung in the face of a breaking wave. The rear

attack secured a footing in the trenches and began to spread slowly along them. Their progress was disputed furiously, but in the end the remnants of the battalion were beaten back to a point where a couple of shallow communication trenches ran back to the supporting trench on the one side, and another branched off forward to the ruins of the front-line trench. Even then a few score men might have saved themselves by taking the road to the rear. None did, but to the last man turned frontward and joined the handful of their fellows. In the end the remains of the battalion clung together to a few yards of battered trench that twisted about the telephone dug-out, and finished out the fight there.

Few as they were, it took some minutes to come at them, and before the last hand-to-hand scrimmage had finished there came from the mist to rearward a clatter of rifle fire, the rush of a charging line. The Germans had been so occupied with their task of clearing out the last of the defense that the fresh attack took them by surprise. The rescuing companies were in on them before they could face about to meet the charge, so that the charge went crashing home, swept the trenches clear in a wild five minutes' work, pushed the Germans across the road, and drove into the trenches there after them. At this critical moment another two companies charged in from the rear—companies in those days, remember, were given, and cheerfully accepted, the work of battalions, just as platoons took and did the work of companies; and the Germans, taken in flank and rear, were accounted for to the last man in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The Captain was picked up in that last patch of trenches the battalion had held. He carried wounds enough to have killed a dozen, and his last word again was, "I'm glad we were

able to hold on—till we were relieved.”

They found Sergeant Billy Ruff, too, with no more than a few flesh wounds and a smashed leg. The Adjutant, in the piecing out of the end of the story, sat by him and asked questions while the sergeant's wounds were being dressed and he sucked hard on a damp cigarette. “At all costs, the orders was,” said the sergeant at the finish. “An’ that patch o’ duck-pond trenches has just cost me seven-an’-six that was  
The Cornhill Magazine.

owed me by my corporal that’s killed, a cock-eyed leg, an’ a carcass full o’ rheumatics for the rest o’ my days; an’ it’s cost the army the finest set of officers that ever stepped, an’ the best battalion o’ fightin’ men it owned.”

“Amen to all of that,” said the Adjutant. “But—you held on.”

“Course we held on,” said Sergeant Billy Ruff, his voice showing just a shade of surprise at the comment. “Y’see we was ordered to hold on.”

*Boyd Cable.*

### SLUM BOYS AT THE FRONT.

John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler; Sheriff Watson, the practical Aberdeen philosopher; Dr. Guthrie, the eloquent Edinburgh divine; Lord Shaftesbury, “the frigid aristocrat posing as a philanthropist at other people’s expense,” whom Fact, so often the falsifier of Gossip, finally revealed as “one of the Greathearts of all time”; how, let us ask ourselves, can these pioneers in the supreme cause of Child Welfare, whose work sheds undying lustre upon the chronicles of an ugly period, be possibly related to the unparalleled war which is devastating Europe and demoralizing humanity? Were we to treat the question as a prize puzzle, the true answer might be long in its emergence, but whenever it was caught it would be joyfully accepted as soul-satisfying, beautiful, superb. It comes, in fact, in the form of a series of interesting letters from the Front written by a goodly group of gallant boys, rescued betimes, most of them, from the dread evils of the slums by the present-day successors of the splendid, broad-visioned, fine-tempered, love-suffused, courageous men whose honored names introduce this latest testimony to their wonder-working labors. Than this correlation can we conceive a

more singular illustration of the amazing workings of the complex forces of the world?

Arresting are the contributions of Slumdom to the defense of the Empire. The war recruits associated as past or present scholars or teachers with the Shaftesbury Society alone must number thousands of old boys and workers. “Our prayer list,” writes the Superintendent at Gedling Street Mission, S.E., “stands at 175”; Costers’ Hall, Hoxton, reports an enlistment of eighty active members; Borough Road notes sixty-one old Brigade boys; Dalwood Street, S.E., six workers and 160 old scholars; Fairlight Hall, Tooting, 239 scholars and teachers; Lansdowne Place, S.E., “150 on Roll of Honor”—four killed, five missing, eight wounded; Limehouse, “105 on Roll of Honor”; Camberwell Mission, forty-two scholars, six teachers; Deptford Ragged School, 118 scholars and twenty-two teachers—nine killed; and so on throughout a record which partakes of the character of an encyclopædia of the heroic sacrifices of Slumdom. Hoxton Market pens proudly the sentence: “You know our old band enlisted in a body; half of our present band has gone.” One of the first to volunteer from Australia was a boy

from Hoxton, and further boys formerly related to other missions returned from India and Canada to enlist. A boy of twenty-two, formerly the frequenter of a "Cripple Parlor," of whom a chum says "he died nobly," tried seven times before he was accepted for enlistment. A mother associated with Havelock Hall, Gough Street, Gray's Inn Road, an affiliated mission, has been honored with a letter from the King. This "good mother" has had five sons at the war. One is a naval boy who was on board the *Warspite* during a North Sea battle. In memory of one son who was killed, his company is putting up a memorial tablet in Havelock Hall. Up to the end of June 1,490 past and present scholars and teachers had enlisted from twenty-four schools, an average of sixty-two a school; while the number of deaths reported was 105, an average of over four. Is there not here rich material for reflection—reflection grim and grievous but also glorious?

"Very gallant lads indeed," must be the glowing acknowledgment of everyone who glances through these Shaftesbury chronicles. From Barking Ragged School went a winner of the Victoria Cross, Driver Draine, who tried to save the guns of his battery. The holder of a D.C.M. was identified with Brentford Mission, where they have been advised his Captain wept as he saw the old Shaftesbury scholar bearing a junior officer out of danger, and as he succeeded cried, "Bravo! my lad!" Matthias Road, Stoke Newington, has learned that one "W.T." who was badly "gassed," was recommended for the D.C.M. for his cool and plucky act in working an air pump so as to keep alive comrades buried by a mine explosion. Latymer Road, W., can claim an interest in a driver who won the D.C.M. at Vendresse; another

D.C.M. is down to the credit of Holland Park Mission; another has gone to Jurston Hall, Southwark; and a Fox and Knot and Hatfield Street Mission boy "bagged three stripes for bravery." Gunner B. has been awarded the Military Medal for sticking to his gun, in a withdrawal, until the position became impossible, then carrying two comrades into safety, and finally assisting in the rescue of the gun at night. There is occasion for honest pride, room for sincere gratification, in the knowledge of participation in the up-bringing of such men. Is there not?

The page fullest of honor in the entire encyclopædia, however, falls to Gedding Street Mission, Bermondsey, housed in a very small building: "Our School has been represented in every one of the well-known engagements on land and sea. Some of our lads were present at Mons, Hill 60, La Bassée, Hill 70, and Loos; one was at Suvla Bay, another at Salonica. One old boy has been wounded five times. Another old boy, since killed, got his D.C.M. for removing wounded from an isolated barn under fire. An old teacher, C.F.B., was mentioned in dispatches for bravery, he and a comrade having saved the life of their Captain; at Neuve Chapelle he was again recommended for bravery for carrying a badly wounded comrade out of the trenches; he lost his life at Armentières."

Now we can understand that it was in no vain or egotistic vein that a Limehouse scholar wrote: "I wouldn't mind dying a thousand times for my country." We cannot refuse in future to associate distinction, at least the distinction of patriotism and courage, and, above all, fine human feeling, with Slumdom. Assuredly, "Heroes of the Slums" is due from Mr. Kipling. The writer was set collecting and assorting these highly consoling facts

as the outcome of a thought-provoking talk enjoyed a few weeks ago with Sir John Kirk, the honored Director of the world-famous piece of philanthropic machinery formerly known as the Ragged School Union, and now, for reasons marking a happy stage in national development, described as the Shaftesbury Society. The Education Acts, from the days of big, shaggy, brave W. E. Forster onwards, along with the improvement established in the material circumstances of the population, have knocked on the head the necessity for the original reading, writing, and arithmetic schools for ragged children which did such inestimable service in the cause of Civilization in Victoria's reign; but Education, alas! has yet to eradicate the Slum, with its manifold evils, alike physical and moral, and so the Shaftesbury Society finds itself pursuing, in a number of other forms, even more vigorously than in its initiatory stages, the primary objects which inspired the zeal of those responsible for its foundation: (1) The changing of bad habits, the teaching of the blessings of hygiene, the inculcation of the graces of life, and beyond all (2) The planting of eternal hope and the increase of spiritual pleasure and power.

The Shaftesbury Society is the center and animating influence of nearly 140 missions and schools in Greater London, "one, two, or three in practically every poor district in London." The "outer forts," so to write, are indicated by Leytonstone, Stoke Newington, Chiswick, and Wandsworth; and it has been declared that it would take a subscriber to the Society several days to visit all the mission premises, even in a motor-car. The greatness of the scope of the Society's work may, perhaps, be more accurately estimated by the fact that the voluntary workers in the missions and auxiliary services

number nearly five thousand. A typical mission, we gather, has a program of twenty meetings a week, while in the larger missions the weekly program includes as many as forty items. This article is, in the main, concerned with the outcome of the efforts directed to the good of the boys, youths, and younger men to be found in our mean streets, but it is only just to note that, in the "life brigades," organizations of "Scouts," and other schemes of activity, an excellent work is also going forward among the girls—perhaps, after all, the most influential of the efforts of the missionary bands. The most of these missions are in appropriate situations—in the midst of slums.

The Society, in harmony with our national passion for consistency and conservatism, still claims to have its missions treated as schools, inasmuch as they are places for the teaching of children. "There are," the plea sets out, "the definite teaching enterprises of the Sunday Schools; there are the physical instruction classes of the gymnasiums; there are the discipline and character-making instructions of the Scouts; there is the needlework instruction of the sewing class." But it is its widespread network of general ameliorative efforts which will chiefly command the respect and sympathy of the public in these days. It is its crèches and schools for mothers; its machinery (reminiscent of its origin) for the recovery of "drift" children; its clothing clubs and its devices for the collection and distribution of clothes and boots; its conversation and recreation rooms; its school libraries; its fifty boys' brigades; its shoe-black brigades; its center for the training of domestic servants; its eighty "Cripple Parlors," and its organized friendship with, and surgical help for, seven thousand crippled children, throughout the capital; its

half-hundred penny banks; its hundred bands of hope; its ninety-odd mothers' meetings—with its "side shows" in the shape of provision of toys for the bairns, holidays in the country, "Good Samaritan" and like Guilds, etc., etc.: it is these features of its enterprise which establish the Shaftesbury Society today as one of the indispensable institutions of London. The nature and results of its work make it more valuable than New Scotland Yard and as vital as St. Paul's.

Sir John Kirk regretfully admits that he cannot help us to garnish our article with examples of transcendent genius rescued from the gutter. In all his experience, he will tell you, he has never encountered anything approximating to genius, though many times, with gratifying consequences, has he offered opportunities to aptitudes, albeit aptitudes with limitations. But he will advise you that he can at all times command profound pleasure from the knowledge that the workers for the Shaftesbury Society, now unhappily still further reduced by the military calls upon married men, have in thousands upon thousands of cases brought to the vast army of "hewers of wood and drawers of water" whose world is London, first, a sense that their manners, habits, and customs stand in need of improvement, and then a resolve that they will reward the friendship of their teachers by becoming more worthy of their devotion, and finally prove by a life of rectitude and good behavior that the love and labor expended on them have not been spent in vain. In its spiritual aspects, too, Sir John will confidently assure you, the Mission produces even in men and women subject to stresses common enough in these days of keen economic pressure, which would try severely the resolution of a saint, fruits in the thoughts, impressions, beliefs, and aspirations that

are the solace of the soul and which amply justify the hopes and activities of its founders.

These conclusions, it must be acknowledged, are borne out by the letters from the Front written by boys brought up under the wing of the Society. T. H., a winner of the D.C.M., now a lieutenant, who was twenty-three years ago in the Sunday School and Temperance Society at the Holland Park Mission, is found writing to the Superintendent: "I have always looked upon you as one of my oldest and best friends, for it was you who first put me on the right road to living a decent and wholesome life." Observations similar in spirit are plentifully scattered throughout the letters. Stoker H. confesses (Jurston Hall, Southwark): "I am so glad I found out which is best; I remember when you tried all your hardest to get me to go on the right way." Deptford: "Some have shown delighted surprise at being remembered by the old School." Dunn Street: "Many of the lads speak of dear old Dunn Street and the happy days spent there, and of their desire to see the school again." Fox Court: "Many men have written in glowing terms of the old days at school, of the way the memory of lessons has come back and the old hymns have cheered them." Lansdowne Place, S.E.: "I read the (Society's) Magazine through and through many times. I am going into the trenches tonight, and am taking the Magazine with me." Ranelagh Hall, Paddington: "It is so splendid to think that I am mentioned in prayer at dear old Ranelagh Hall. I have never forgotten the happy afternoons in the Bible Class, neither will I ever forget what I learned there." In short, there is in these unpremeditated, sincere letters an abundance of evidence that the labors of the "Shaftesbury" workers and the wishes of their sup-



porters have many, many heavy sheaves of sound corn to count. Particularly consoling is the indication, as the fact is phrased in one of the letters, "that many who were troublesome scholars have turned out good men."

The word "Slums" is a disagreeable word. It suggests men, women, and children packed like herrings in a barrel, slatternliness, grime, dirt, filth; everything, in a word, which we would avoid if we could. None the less, it is the legitimate keynote of this article, especially since it has embodied within it facts which impart to the word not only a new, but a noble meaning; facts which encourage, nay dictate, an extension of work so eminently practical and so truly Christian. Our slums are our super-scandal, the cancer-spot of Britain. A friend of Mr. Mawson and Mr. Aldridge, those alert and ardent champions of great clearances and better-planned towns, I was deeply impressed by Sir John's observation—remembering the peculiar and prolonged experience upon which it was based—the outstanding observation in a searching conversation, that slum destruction coincident with a wise system of education must be regarded as the primary and most effective forces, the chief handmaidens to the spread of true Godliness, if we are to overcome, in the speediest way, the main obstacles to the attainment of health, happiness, and the sustaining power of spiritual ideals upon the part of our people.

These latest chronicles of the Shaftesbury Society constitute a strong stimulus to the pursuit of this line of action.

*The Contemporary Review.*

They show that, though the moulding may not be satisfactory and the workmanship indifferent, the human material in the slums is, in the bulk, sound and malleable, and in many respects most promising. If, after a training handicapped almost to the point of hopelessness, it prove so satisfactory, in conditions so unsatisfactory, what wonderful products may it not give us, in a healthy environment, under circumstances specially designed to produce the best, in all forms, in men and women? While the hands of Sir John Kirk and his fellows in kindred and other phases of work of child rescue must be strengthened to the uttermost—and at the moment, let me note, they sadly need strengthening, particularly in the direction of leadership among the young lads—our strongest responsibility, our straightest duty, runs in the direction of slum-clearances and an education which inculcates vividly the facts of life which touch us all most closely and decisively.

Here, as elsewhere, the parable of the Prodigal Son is writ large for us. If, looking upon these war letters, the workers and supporters of the Shaftesbury Society can say today concerning the companies of gallant soldiers whom they have helped from the crowded alleys and filthy lanes into which a cruel fate had cast them, "Was lost and is found," will not the people of England, upon the completion of a State policy aimed at the extinction of our slum cities, be able to declare with a million times greater pride, "This, our People, was lost and is found"?

*William Hill.*

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### THE PRICE.

No manly and resolute nation ought to go through a war with its eyes ban-

LIVING AGE, VOL. IV, No. 184.

daged nor to wear blinkers in the Valley of the Shadow. Peace, like freedom,

is only to be won at a great price, and if a people has the firm temper and will that deserve a worthy peace, it will feel that the end is the more precious because it has been bought at a terrible cost. To shrink from the measurement of the losses of war against the gains of endurance is to abdicate the functions of reason, and to doubt of one's own courage. No nation at war will openly admit, while the war lasts, that any reasonably sober estimate of the political gains exceeds the actual and prospective losses. Yet it is well to remember that every student of history can cite case after case in which a nation or its rulers, stirred by the passions of the struggle, has staggered on until the price of victory has immeasurably exceeded the advantages or the self-imposed costs of defeat and outdone the utmost malice of the enemy. For two years the whole Allied press has been busy—it was its duty and its right—in defining the gains of the success on which we were resolved, from the ideal gains of a peace based on a new international organization, through a long series of territorial changes inspired by the conception of nationality, down to the more material gains of the trade war. That sketch of the future, as each of us conceives it, is in all our minds—a hopeful but precarious picture, depending as it must on a hundred obscure moral factors, the sincerity and wisdom of statesmen, the self-restraint of victors, the readiness of the enemy to adjust himself to a higher level of international morality, the ability of our own side to preserve after years of horror and resentment our first exalted perception. We propose for once—the first time in two years—to look into the other side of the account. There is no possible common measure. Who will fix the equation between the opening of the Dardanelles and its cost in English, Australian, French, and Russian manhood, to say nothing of the Bul-

gar, Germans, and Turks? There are no fixed values in this arithmetic. A wise Frenchman, if he knew that the restoration of the lost provinces would mean the peace and reconciliation of the two great neighbors, might willingly pay a great price for it, even the lives of his own sons. If he saw through the change only a fresh vista of strife and revenge, the cost might appal him. We cannot count these things. Our totals of death and devastation are mere abstractions, and the massive horror of a casualty list means only the wound which it brings to single hearts who loved the dead. Our measures are sheer fallacy, but the human mind has no finer scales with which to weigh these imponderables.

We cannot fix as yet even the toll of the killed. Britain and Germany are the only belligerents who publish full casualty lists and count them officially from time to time. Russia's losses can only be conjectured, and the French total is not published in the press. We have seen one estimate (in the "New York Times") which professed to give with some degree of certainty the whole losses of Europe in the second year of war. It put the whole total of both sides in killed alone at three millions. For the first year the estimates range widely from a semi-official German figure (for all Europe) of 2,500,000 up to an American calculation which reached twice that figure. To say that six millions of armed men have fallen so far is probably to make an underestimate, and this figure takes no account of the non-combatants who have perished among the Polish, Galician, and Serbian refugees, of the victims of famine in Syria and of massacre in Armenia. It is commonly said that for every man killed, we must reckon another maimed for life, and at least partially incapacitated by the loss of reason, eyesight, or limbs. Given the high skill of modern surgery in the West.

this may be for England, France, and Germany an excessive reckoning, but the East has no such healing resources.

Nor dare we guess how many men there are, apart from the maimed in hospitals and in prison camps, who will return to civil life when the hour comes in some degree as moral and physical wrecks—men who “will never be the same again.” If six million men have been withdrawn by death from the productive army of Europe, the loss through maiming and one degree of debility or another cannot be very much less. It would be a moderate reckoning to say that Europe has lost the equivalent of ten million workers. How shall we visualize this host? The cartoonists will show us a plain covered as far as the eye can reach with corpses or crosses. That is a poor aid to the imagination. The loss is more vividly represented if we say to ourselves that from all Europe a host of men has been withdrawn by death and maiming rather greater than the entire adult male population of the British Isles. Yet even the figure of an Egyptian plague which carried off, not the first-born, but every grown man, gives an inadequate picture of the loss, for an adult male population includes with the aged and the incapable, millions of men of ripe years whose expectation of life is measured in one figure. But this army lost to mankind was capable, healthy, and relatively youthful. Its average age must be under thirty. It represents, in short, a vastly greater potential productive force than the whole of our male population. Imagine these islands wiped out for a generation, and all they produce in wealth and thought withdrawn from the sum of the world’s mental and material goods, and you have the measure of this loss by slaughter and maiming alone. An economist might give the value of the lost labor of these ten millions, each for an average lifetime, in

pounds sterling, but the figure would touch those astronomical magnitudes which escape the imagination.

This measure is still no gauge of the loss. One must add to it some reckoning for the broken and depressed lives of young widows, and something again for the moral and material loss to the surviving children, who will grow up with an appreciably reduced chance in life and a handicap at the start. But that is not all. In every country it is the officer class and the non-commissioned ranks that yield the heaviest percentage of killed. These are not today a professional military caste. They are, on the whole, the intellectual *élite* of the middle class, and among the working class the men most worthy of responsibility and command. Some men of known genius and talent are among them, here a Rupert Brooke and a Raymond Asquith, and there a Professor Kettle, and for every one of these scores or hundreds of youths whose capacity promised service or fame. The loss of labor is colossal. The loss of talent, knowledge, and character must be even more appalling, and for a generation we must expect an appreciable impoverishment of leadership as the weeded ranks come to middle age in the arts, in political and social life, and in commerce. For it is, on the whole, the generous, the ardent, the enterprising who fall in the largest numbers, and the cautious, the selfish, and the timid who survive. Within a nation war inverts the natural process of the survival of the fittest.

Nor does this summary view represent the whole of the mischief, for it falls in unequal degrees. Our own losses (though they must now vastly exceed the total of 228,000 killed which had been reached long before the “Great Push” began) are relatively low, and even Russia’s, though absolutely enormous, are not high in relation to her immense population. Germany’s are

relatively much higher, though she may console herself with her birth-rate. The brunt of the loss in the matter of population falls on France and on Serbia. The valid male population of Serbia (excluding prisoners) of military age is now represented by the little force, perhaps 60,000 to 80,000 men, before Salonica. It entered the war with about 300,000. What will it be at the end? The French loss in killed alone must be approaching a million. The fit men and youths of military age are at most six million. With a stationary population, the loss in killed of one in seven represents a terrible subtraction from the nation's moral and physical forces, and we are not counting the broken and maimed, of whom the totally incapacitated are said to exceed a third of a million.

To descend from the loss by death to the loss in money may be an anticlimax, but the loss in money means, in fact, the added burden of toil and privation for the survivors. The figures of the actual cost of the war up to date are much more easily reached than the human losses. A noted American financial journal worked them out the other day for the whole of Europe. The total money cost, so far, is about ten thousand million pounds sterling, of which four-fifths is debt. It is a figure which means less than nothing, so vast it is, for the imagination. Translate it even into terms of annual interest at 5 per cent, and the huge figure of 500 millions, which represents the annual burden which this war has fixed on the shoulders of Europe for the rest of our lifetime and our children's, is inconceivably big. The total cost to this country was, on the second anniversary of the war's outbreak, about 2,238 millions sterling, a sum which means over one hundred millions in annual interest. If the war ended tomorrow, this would still be very far from its total cost, for we

must add to it the charges for demobilization and pensions, for the renewal of lost or worn-out war material, the replacement of lost ships, the restitution of devastated territories, and the restoration of neglected public works, together with some allowance for the plants and buildings devoted to munition works, which cannot all be turned to civilian uses. Unless the war should end unexpectedly early, we are hardly likely to escape with much less than the doubling of our old peace Budget—assuming always, what it is rash to assume, that we escape fresh burdens of armaments. That means in one form or another the doubling of taxation, an immense growth of the leisured class which lives on "unearned incomes" at the expense of the workers of all grades, and a steep barrier confronting every effort to raise our productive expenditure on education, insurance, housing and social betterment, both national and municipal. After its orgy of waste, an impoverished world may have to face an epoch of meanness.

These are the more superficial and measurable costs. Hideous as they are, they are small compared with the moral and intellectual damage of these two years. They seem to have destroyed the frail but intricate international life of Europe, and everywhere in politics, in thought and in trade, to have thrown us back upon a narrower and intenser nationalism. If this is serious for us it is tragic for the mingled races of Central and Eastern Europe, which, however the map may be altered must still contrive, with all their aggravated resentments, to live together. Everywhere it has strengthened, for the time being, the executive government, and driven a deep rift through the ranks of the Socialist and Labor parties, which have all but lost their old internationalism. In every country the first effort cannot be to advance, but to reconquer lost or compromised liberties.

Even we may not fully regain our freedom of speech, our civil liberties, and the workers' right of association without an effort, while voluntary service and free trade are in a still more precarious case. Force has taken a new place in our lives and transformed our outlook in subtle and manifold ways that defy The Nation.

analysis. The return to the civilian mind, to persuasion, to government by frank and tolerant opinion will nowhere be easy. The longer this abnormal experience lasts, and the deeper it cuts into the fibre of the mind, the slower must be our return to the habit of civilization.

### USELESS LEARNING.

Lord Bryce and a number of other public men have issued a manifesto in favor of "the humanities" in education. This is a good sign. Many people who have come under the spell of Germany during the war, and who regard German organization as something so splendid and successful that every other nation ought henceforth to imitate it, have begun to talk as if everything in education which is not strictly scientific or technical were a waste of time. They would like to see the rest of the world in the hands of chemists and technical instructors. Their Utopia is a world rich in high explosives and aniline dyes. This, they think, would be a paradise into which no foreign serpent could succeed in penetrating. It is not because we wish to disparage scientific and technical education that we protest against this monstrous illusion. We take it that no one but an æsthetic sentimentalist would attempt to belittle so vitally important a matter. On the other hand, there is no use in setting the chemists, alone among men, upon pedestals. It is a mistake even to think that the Germans became great by doing so. The Germans have, after all, been interested all these years not only in science, but in philosophy, literature and scholarship. They have used their brains—brains not naturally superior, so far as we can judge, to those of other peoples—more persistently and more eagerly in all directions

than the average inhabitants of rival nations. They have damned themselves into temporary and seeming success, not with the help of science and inventors—though these, too, helped—but through a powerful Imperialist philosophy which taught them to regard the world as but a footstool for a divinely-accredited Germany. All the chemists on earth would not have planted them so determinedly within the borders of France and of Russia had not they allowed themselves to be organized according to an ideal, not merely of national service, but of national idolatry.

We do not propose just now to enter into the question where national service ends and national idolatry begins. It is always difficult to fix the point at which a virtue passes into a vice. And in any case that is not what is under discussion. We are merely concerned with emphasizing the fact that the successes of Germany during the past two years, while they have been a triumph of education, have been a triumph of bad education. It was education which in a greater and greater degree became practical in the worst meaning of the word. It was education in which the end became more and more political and therefore less disinterestedly moral and intellectual. The German was trained up to personal disinterestedness in the service of the State, but to national egoism. This, no doubt, is



what to some extent every State would like to do. It desires above all things to be worshiped loyally, and this up to a point is good. But when philosophers and historians and men of science begin to see truth as something which is localized within the circle of the State, education is in danger of becoming perverted into a mere drilling in political orthodoxy. We do not mean to suggest that the Germans have been drilled into mere automatic figures in a State puppet-play to nearly the degree that some people in the heat of wartime imagine. There has been abundance of free intellectual activity in Germany as in other countries. But there has been a tendency there more than in France or England to make truth and virtue racial things—to subordinate brain and spirit to the necessities of national egoism. That is the secret at once of Germany's strength and of her weakness. This it is that made her militarism such a success. This it is that made it such a danger that the rest of the world is now engaged in battering it into failure.

One does not, then, wish to see another Germany arising as a result of the war in some other part of Europe. And, in order to prevent this, one must fight against the idea that education should be exclusively what is called practical, but what is really nothing of the sort. It is natural enough that the business classes should be eager that nothing should be taught in the schools except what *they* want. Statesmen and churchmen have also at different periods in history shown anxiety to make teaching confine itself exclusively to the things *they* want. In each case it is taken for granted that all that the average man can aspire to is to become a good workman or a good subject or a good servant of the Church.

Now, it may be a very desirable thing to have good workmen and good subjects and good servants of the Church.

But who would not rebel if this were all his destiny amounted to? Efficiency is an excellent ideal in business; but efficiency in business, so far from being an excellent, is an ignoble thing as an ultimate ideal in life. Education, no doubt, is necessary to business efficiency, just as honesty is. But business efficiency is not the chief end of education, any more than it is the end of honesty. If we value honesty only in so far as it can be measured in pounds, shillings and pence, we do not value honesty at all. In the same way, if we value education only in so far as it can be measured in pounds, shillings and pence, we do not value education at all. In each case it is money we value, and we sink to the level of those barbarous Hebrews who so frankly fandangoed round the golden calf. That is why we agree so heartily with Lord Bryce and his fellow-protestors on behalf of the humanities that "the first object in any educational reform is the training of human beings in mind and character, as citizens of a free country, and that technical preparation of boys and girls for a particular occupation must be consistent with this principle." It is just because Latin is such an apparently useless subject that we hope to see it kept alive as a general study. Hitherto business men have tolerated the teaching of it to their sons, partly because they think a little of it is the stamp of a gentleman, and partly because they have been told that Latin grammar is a useful discipline for the mind, or that one has to know Latin roots in order to understand English, or that one has to study it in order to enter the respectable professions of clergyman, lawyer, doctor, and schoolmaster. At an earlier period, it was of still greater use as a universal language among educated men, a sort of Esperanto for Europe. But it has long ceased to render us this practical service, and most of the arguments we now

use in its favor have, we fancy, been invented *ad hoc* to defend a traditional treasure. For our part, we do not quarrel with any of these arguments, but it is not for any of these things that we principally value Latin. We value it first and foremost because it is almost the only subject taught in our schools which cannot in itself have any commercial value. We may have our children taught French because we want them to trade with France, or Russian because we want them to trade with Russia—and these are quite sound reasons from one point of view—but no one has his children taught Latin in order that they may be able to trade with Romans. In Latin, more than in any other subject, the boy or girl is set to study a whole mass of human facts—human speech, human thoughts, human actions, human institutions—without, as one says, any ulterior motive. We may grant that the little Latin the average boy learns does him “no good,” just as the little French or Euclid he learns does him “no good.” But education is a sowing of seed, and, if only a certain proportion of the seed takes root and comes to harvest, the sowing is justified. It would be perilous to say of any subject that, if taught indifferently for a few terms, it will widen the average boy’s mind and enrich his imagination: even the history of their own country fails to do this with a multitude of children. But Latin at least takes the boy to the gates of a world where his mind and imagination can live more disinterestedly than in the commercial world of his own time. And not only is he not preoccupied with money values; he is also free from a thousand prepossessions in the matter of religion, politics, and even morals, which disable him from appreciating many contemporary civilizations. Rome, like Athens, is a world to which he comes, not as a judge, but as a discoverer of certain

truths about the human race. Further, Roman civilization has the advantage for us of being dead. To despise Latin for being a dead language is to be a mere opportunist in education. One might as well despise Pericles for being a dead man. The fact that the civilization to which it introduces us is dead enables us to see it as a whole from its beginning to its end, to watch with complete detachment the growth and decay of a State, and to study the laws of national growth and decay under more simple conditions than in the tangled history of a modern State. Once more, we grant that the average boy is unlikely to see any of these things. It would require a revolution to bring him to do so. But it is difficult to measure what the effect may be on an intelligent boy of even a peep into the magnificent cosmos of a past civilization. At least, it is only fair to him that he should have the hint of new horizons. This may be given by literature, history, philosophy, travel or pure science—by nearly any subject, indeed, which is educationally taught—but we doubt if any of these subjects, as taught in schools and colleges, has had a more vital and lasting influence than Latin.

One of the things most essential to the world just now is broader horizons. It is his incapacity to see beyond his own circle of facts which differentiates the uneducated from the educated man; and an education which excludes the humanities is likely to confine men to their circles more than ever. Man without any thirst for knowledge except the knowledge that produces dividends would merely be a savage among his machines. He would cease to be an intellectual being. He would be without principles to guide him in politics or ethics or anything outside business. And in the end even business would suffer through the atrophy of his intellectual activities. That, in-

deed, would be the beginning of the Servile State, in which education would mean initiation, not into the freedom of the mind, but into the slavery of the machine. And, indeed, men of science, equally with men of letters, protest against the cupboard love of education which is so prevalent today. They assert the claims of pure science and disinterested research. They insist  
The New Statesman.

that, even among useful discoveries, many of the most useful have been made as a result, not of the study of science as a "practical" subject, but of the study of science in a disinterested spirit. It is because we believe that the humanities in especial maintain the standard of disinterestedness in education that we should hate to see Latin and Greek abolished from the schools.

### STRANGE SIMILES.

Do reviewers shell peas? Lately a critic, writing most kindly of a book that I had perpetrated, modified his encomium by observing that the book contained as many faults "as there are peas in a pod." I will accept his measure, with gratitude and gladness. Peas, like books and critics, differ—the species has its varieties, but it seems that the most prolific have a maximum of something like ten peas to the pod, and there are kinds in which the pod normally holds only half that number. So I am fully satisfied to accept that as the tale and the total of my booklet's faults. If they do not go beyond the single figure I am fortunate indeed. And yet, on consideration, I am obliged to believe that it was not the critic's intention to be arithmetically exact in this simile. I even fancy that he himself was guilty of a little sin of inexactitude—that what he meant to convey was that the book was chock-full of faults, and that he meant to say, not that its faults were as many as there are peas in a pod, but that it was filled as tightly with faults as a pod with peas. I have a horrid suspicion of his meaning being just this.

Even taking it so, the pod and the peas do not give a very good example of chock-fullness: there are gaps, larger than the peas themselves, within the pod until they are very nearly full

grown, and, perhaps, even then. Full as an egg of meat suggests a far more compact fulfilment, a tighter packing. Of these and the like analogies, however, which have passed into popular and proverbial speech, we do not really expect scientific accuracy. They make no pretense to it. Occasionally they rudely and crudely contradict themselves, and we may hear a man in one sentence speaking of his friend as looking as "wise as an owl," and in the next breath of another friend as appearing as foolish as the same fowl. If our common speech will take such contradictory liberties as these with the very bird of Minerva, wisdom's own goddess, where can we hope to find it going more delicately? One of the greatest of the world's story tellers, Walter Scott himself, has a phrase, that he is fond of, which likens human haste to a lapwing's movement. When the Lady Callista finds the terrible Cœur de Lion in a gentler mood than the ladies of the Court had dared to hope, it was "with the speed of a lapwing" that she hastened to carry such pleasant news to Berengaria, her royal mistress. Now the lapwing, the green plover, that admirable bird which lays "plovers' eggs" and says "pee-wit," must, unless the neighborhood of Abbotsford has altered strangely between Sir Walter's day and the present, have

been very familiar to the beneficent Wizard of the North. Probably there is some extension of the arable land in the vicinity since that date, and the green plover is a lover of the ploughed fields, but it is a difference which cannot amount to much, and we have to believe that the bird was perfectly familiar to Sir Walter, that he must have seen it daily when he went on those long walks, brooding, in his brain, his tales the while, around his pleasant domain. And if there is one bird, rather than another, that takes needlessly long in its flight between two points, a bird which makes seemingly quite aimless detours of flight, ascending, descending, going on the outside or the inside edge, almost looping the loop, and generally wasting time on its way in a manner that we should otherwise have supposed impossible for anything except an errand boy, it surely is this very bird which Sir Walter has chosen for his type of the fashion in which the Lady Callista bore her glad message. And now, having thus written, there comes to me a sharp occasion to pause and think. Sir Walter, doubtless, was just using popular phrase when he refers so to the lapwing. The bird, apparently with little desert, has passed into the speech of the people as an emblem of speedy and straight going. It is strange, seeing how errant it is in flight. And from realizing that strangeness arises a suspicion that possibly it may not be the flight of the bird, but rather its movement on the ground that has led to its choice as a type of swift going. On the ground it runs—it is of the running, not the hopping kind—with a quick energy from one point to another, except when, on occasion, it will amuse itself and try to fool you by shamming lameness. Can it be this which has given it its place in proverbial wisdom? We may suspect it.

It is a suspicion curiously confirmed by etymology. If ever, as is unlikely,

we have concerned ourselves with thought of the derivation of its name, we may have deemed it rather apt, seeing how the round wing of the bird "laps" over, or flaps, during flight. "Flap-wing" would excellently describe its action, and lap and flap do not seem far apart, but, as a matter of etymological fact, it appears that the first syllable of the name comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning to run—it is the word from which we have also "leap"—and the second syllable from an Anglo-Saxon verb, meaning to "totter." "Wing" is the obvious product of a false analogy, and, strictly, has nothing to do here with the organ of flight. We all know, as I said just now, that the bird likes to affect lameness. Our observant forefathers noticed this quaint habit, and so called it by a name signifying a tottering kind of run. It will be objected to at once that this does not seem to bring us at all nearer the glad way in which the Lady Callista sped to the Queen. That is to be conceded. But at the same time, it is to be noted that this affectation of being a cripple is only occasionally assumed, it is not the normal way of the bird's progression on the ground, which is rather in the nature of swift, direct runs, and so, possibly, we have it suggested that Callista went hasting in order that all advantage might be taken of a royal mood of clemency which was a little capricious and had to be seized quickly when the occasion offered. The exceptional lame-legged way of the plover, however, was so remarkable among birds, that it may quite well have caught the attention of the Anglo-Saxon name-giver as clearly distinctive, and we have it accordingly—a name signifying really a tottering kind of run, yet always calling up in our minds the idea of a flapping kind of flight. And, curiously enough, both ideas fit equally pat the movements of the bird on foot and on wing respec-

tively. It is an example of false analogy accidentally turned to a very good account, though we may still think that Sir Walter might have found a better simile for the haste of his swift-footed damsel. The truth is that proverbial wisdom has never been very discerning in the attributes of animals which it has chosen as types of human qualities. Both the goose and the ass, selected as examples of stupidity, are very much more than commonly intelligent. The eye of a lynx has a remarkable glare, which sufficiently explains its choice as an emblem of all that is most keen-sighted; yet there is no scientific support for the suggestion that its vision is at all extraordinary, and experienced hunters of big game would probably give the prize, for a faculty of seeing their enemy afar off, to some of the mountain sheep, which are as mild-eyed as our domestic lamb. Even Richard Cœur de Lion himself, though the lion has been accepted as the king of beasts in all the folklore of the world, might have known a doubt of the aptness of his title had his crusading happened to take him into Africa to see the disrespectful treatment which the natives of some of its Eastern countries mete out to the jungle monarch.

The Westminster Gazette.

Horace Hutchinson.

## INVENTIVENESS IN WAR.

England has learned with amused delight of her new weapon, and read with serious satisfaction Sir Douglas Haig's modest statement that it had proved of "considerable utility." Tommy, as usual, has been prodigal of vivid phrases, and clearly he watched with whole-hearted enjoyment the lumbering, "lolloping" machines, and the panic which their first appearance created. Evidently the "tanks" are formidable in attack, and should prove of real service in the most difficult problem of the offensive, the destruction of the enemy's machine-guns. They aid and encourage, and, to some extent, protect the dauntless infantry, which must suffer heavily as it advances against the "die-hards" of the German machine-gun corps. We must remember, of course, that new instruments are always most alarming at their first appearance, and that it does not, as a rule, take very long to discover some special means of counteracting their effects; but we may congratulate ourselves that this new mobile turret for land-fighting has proved its value and that it has made

its first appearance in the British Army as a product of British ingenuity and British engineering skill. Like most new weapons, it is really the adaptation of an old instrument to modern conditions. The Roman had his *testudo*, and in the siege warfare of the Middle Ages the movable and protected pent-house was frequently used. It is amusing to note that these oddly-shaped structures were given nicknames by the soldiers not unlike those which our men are inventing today. Crab, mouse, and sow or hog are soldiers' names which found their way into the chronicles. Professor Oman recalls the joke of Black Agnes of Dunbar when she had smashed the pent-house and saw its occupants scampering away from beneath: "Behold the English sow has farrowed." Moreover, Leonardo da Vinci offered to make a movable armored fort which, from his specification of it, would have been very like our new car, and Mr. Wells imagined Dreadnoughts of the land just as Ben Jonson imagined the torpedo.

Incidentally we may note that the



success of our invention is a further antidote to our persistent vice of undue self-depreciation. This habit does little harm at home, but it has been turned to practical use by the Germans in many neutral countries. Early in the war a series of articles in a German-owned Greek paper harped on the theme that England acknowledged her inferiority to Germany in trade, in music, science, philosophy, above all, in organization and equipment for war. This favorite German thesis was held to be proved by quotations of characteristic English groans and murmurs, and was followed by a number of dogmatic statements, based on the infallible knowledge of the superior nation, as to what it would be "impossible" for England to do. We know those German impossibilities. It was impossible for England to raise even one million men, impossible to train an army, impossible for a hastily-formed English mob to stand against the trained veterans of Germany, impossible, above all, for England to organize her "individualist and chaotic" manufacturing system for really national ends. Sane Germans today may still reasonably argue that Germany is unbeaten; but no sane German would deny that England has actually accomplished the tasks which the leading German military authorities declared to be impossible. If our scientists, engineers, manufacturers, artisans, transport directors, and, above all, our sailors and soldiers have already disproved so many German prophecies, we can firmly believe that they will ultimately disprove the central article of German faith, that "Germany cannot be beaten." We must remember the fundamental fact that Germany had been for a generation a nation organized for war, and that her chemists and inventors had their minds always intent upon new means of destruction to be used when the hour of Germany's des-

tiny struck. They entered the war, as they believed, with a whole arsenal of new mechanical and chemical devices, which gave them great advantages at the start. For a time we had to console ourselves with the not very convincing hope that men would prove more powerful than machines in the long run; but when once our Government had realized that all the scientific and manufacturing resources of England must be mobilized, the work of fighting machinery by machinery and chemicals by chemicals was developed with amazing rapidity. We may call this "muddling through" if we like, but it requires very little reflection on the course of the war to perceive that England has, except in the case of large air-ships, overcome all the special German inventions by devices of her own.

So far as effectiveness and importance of results go, no belligerent nation has accomplished anything comparable to the defeat of the German submarine campaign. England's supremacy at sea was old and long established, and it often happens that a certain rustiness and immobility affect the Powers of this world that have enjoyed unchallenged majesty. If there had been anything of these effects of time in our Navy or mercantile marine, we should have proved easy victims to an entirely new and utterly unscrupulous method of sea warfare. We do not know all the devices used, and shall not know them; but the result is there as the supreme proof of British inventiveness and adaptability. The Spaniard, somnolently secure in his great ships, could not adapt himself to the new perils of Elizabethan days; but our Navy has shown a youthful keenness, a quick and practical ingenuity, which are the best proof that no creeping decadence had begun. As regards the air, when the war began the Germans were in a position of established superiority over ourselves. If we recall the accounts of

early fighting we shall remember how the men of the contemptible little "Army" hated the aeroplanes which directed the German artillery fire. Now the positions are entirely reversed, and Sir Douglas Haig reports that our men have made more than a thousand flights over the German lines while the Germans have made fourteen over ours. This is in part, but only in part, due to the greater daring of our airmen, which in itself equals any achievement of our Elizabethan sea-dogs; it is also very largely a result of English engineering energy and skill. Our self-depreciation in this matter of aeroplanes exceeded all reasonable limits. The Fokker machine was praised as the last word of science, but at this moment British-made aeroplanes are faster than anything made in Germany, and the testimony of German prisoners is the best proof of what has been accomplished in a sphere of warfare which had been unduly neglected by our authorities. Whether or not we shall succeed in the difficult problem of large airships remains to be seen. It is encouraging to find the Germans prophesying that it is "impossible" for the English to build or sail any ship equal to the Zeppelin. In dealing with the Army we have had one difficulty to overcome which no Continental Power has had to meet—the transport of supplies and munitions by sea as well as by land. Here, again, German testimony may be quoted as the best evidence of our achievement. A German staff officer has declared that there has been nothing like the steady stream of English shells on the Somme in any other war area, and every one of these shells had to be entrained and unloaded, shipped and unloaded, entrained and unloaded again. When the Germans sprang on us their vile surprise of poisonous gas they believed that German chemists had discovered the means of establishing the desired

German supremacy. Yet today the masks supplied to our men are said to be admirably protective, and the gases composed by English chemists, although they may cause less physical agony than those used by Germans, are certainly potent in effect. Similarly with bombs and mortars, and all the other instruments of trench warfare, we have at least equaled the German productions. And now the "tank" is offered as an entirely novel contribution to this science of killing men, which the Germans regard as their own special province.

A curious characteristic of the Germans is that they always have implicit belief in their inventions, and express that belief in raucous threatenings to the world at large. It would be easy to collect an anthology of these confident warnings which trumpeted forth the German song of wrath and destruction. "Woe to Paris; woe to London!" heralded the super-Zeppelins, and "England destroyed" anticipated the submarine campaign against ourselves. The German seems to think that if he says a thing he will believe it, and, if he believes a thing, it must be true. Even in the most irrelevant matters he will exhibit his ruling passion of the moment, so that we find him portentously naming an innocent daffodil, "Von Tirpitz, the scourge of England." This excitability of temperament fortunately makes him less formidable as a foe, and has several times led him unconsciously to warn us that some new frightfulness is in the wind. The Englishman proceeds in the opposite way. The other name for the "tank" was the "Hush, hush," and the secret was well kept. What could be more silently conducted than the naval campaign against submarines? We have, in fact, been too silent over our achievements, so that what Mr. Balfour called the "gloomy joy" of self-depreciation has continued too long. On the same day

on which we were first told of the "tanks" the deferred list of honors for the Navy, won in the Jutland fight, was published. The Germans rushed their celebrations, and the real victors allowed three months to elapse before conferring the hard-won honors of the fight. We trust that modesty and moderation of statement and claim will long be characteristic of Englishmen; but  
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let us realize that there is no conceit in believing that the best Englishmen are peers of the best in any race, not only in courage, but also in inventiveness, in scientific achievement, and in organizing ability. The facts of this war abundantly prove this claim, and consciousness of the national power should stimulate the individual to the best achievement.

### THE LITERATURE OF RUMANIA.

There have been conflicting elements in Rumania which in some degree have complicated not only the language but also the popular ideals. The nation should have all the strength and vitality of hybrid formations, for its original neolithic strain has been enriched by many additions from Daco-Roman, Tartar, Gothic, and Slavic sources. When brought under Roman rule by the Emperor Trajan the district was peopled by the Daci, or Getæ. What we now call Rumania was then Dacia. The Roman conquest, perhaps never very complete in a political sense, was complete as to language and culture, so that when the Roman garrisons withdrew, less than two centuries later, the land seems to have become thoroughly Romanized, and has remained largely faithful to Latin traditions, in spite of numerous successive invasions. Varying subjections and partitions were endured; but in the early seventeenth century we find the three principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transylvania united under one rule—a restoration once again of the Roman Dacia. But Rumanian history is far too complex to be given in any detail here; it is quite enough to give a few words to its language and its recent literary development. Rumania is remarkable among the Balkan States in speaking a Romance tongue, a species of bastard

Italian, bearing many traces of Slavic and Magyar, Turkish, Greek, and Albanian influences. Though often pulled up by alien words, a reader of Latin and Italian should be able to make his way through a Rumanian book without great difficulty. But the early literature will hardly tempt him to the labor; it consists largely of translations from the Slavonic, and later from Magyar and modern Greek—chronicles, homilies, lives of saints. The first complete Rumanian Bible did not appear till 1688. But it was impossible that Rumanians should be content to remain wholly under Slav or Grecian influence. More than a century since a tendency towards the revival of Romance features began, together with a natural susceptibility to the wider movements of literary Europe. There came a period of transition or growth, when the country became imitative, during which time the works of French, Italian, and German writers received a warm welcome, accompanied with the sincerest form of flattery. In 1865 the important review, *Convorbiri literare* ("Literary Causeries"), was founded, chiefly under the care of the eminent critic Titu Maioresco, and since that date the number of journals dealing mainly with literature, art, and science has continued to increase. But though the nation can already boast some not-

able literary reputations, these have not quite succeeded in becoming of European importance, in the sense in which Tolstoy or Ibsen became European; they have remained comparatively local. Had it not been for the Rumanian princess "Carmen Sylva," herself a German by birth, the ordinary English reader would attach no literary idea to Rumania whatever; and doubtless it has been chiefly the fact that this lady was a Queen that has popularized her among ourselves. Those whose reading goes a little deeper must of course be familiar with another lady, Helen Vacaresco, and especially as this authoress has done some excellent work in English. But with all due recognition of the admirable work of these ladies, and more particularly perhaps of Helen Vacaresco, a Rumanian would certainly name the poet Mihail Eminescu as the finest reputation his country has yet to offer. Eminescu (the name is sometimes spelled Eminesco) was born in 1849, and after studying at Czernowitz and Blaj, he joined a wandering troupe of actors; later he resumed studies at Jena, Vienna, and Berlin. His first poems appeared in his sixteenth year, and he did work for the leading literary review already named. At one time he was an inspector of schools; at another librarian at Jassy. In his thirty-fourth year he was first stricken with the mental affliction under whose shadow he died in 1889; and it was while suffering from this aberration that he composed two of his most beautiful and most melancholy poems. Apart from this melancholy, which was a striking characteristic of his work, he had a considerable gift of irony, much force of passion, and great command of descriptive language. Young Rumania has adored his writings and his memory.

Perhaps a place only second to that of Eminescu must be given to George

Cosbuc, born in 1866. Besides his original work he has rendered good service as translator. His *Ballads and Idylls* appeared in 1897; he has made translations of Virgil, the Indian Sakuntala, other Sanscrit poems, and Byron's *Mazeppa*. Naturally it is chiefly through Byron that Great Britain has touched the literatures of this part of Europe. Cosbuc is a poet of considerable charm, as well as an excellent translator. Another name deserving attention is that of Macedonski, who has brought French influences to his people; while others who have done really notable work are Vlahoutza and Joan Vacaresk. Creanga, born a peasant in 1837, is a striking instance of intellectual energy and perseverance. Becoming a schoolmaster after taking orders, he was unfrocked for devoting himself to this secular duty, and his career was much impeded; but he succeeded at last in regaining a teacher's position. He rendered much admirable service in collecting folk-lore and popular traditions. There are many others who might claim to be mentioned, but to give a mere string of names is never satisfactory. It is sufficient if we realize the difficulty of such a country as Rumania, in evolving a distinctive national literature. There is not only the distraction of her own heterogeneous elements, the complication of racial idea and suggestion deriving from blended Latin, Slavic, Gothic, Magyar, and Oriental sources; there is also the great susceptibility to foreign influence, the powerful impressions from France and Russia, Germany, Scandinavia. It would almost seem that definite national literatures can only be developed in times of comparative isolation; later they must tend to become cosmopolitan. There must necessarily be a gain when that which was originally parochial and provincial becomes at first metropolitan and then universal;

but there is also a loss. The gain, however bitterly its promise may have been contradicted by this present terrible conflict, is that the nearer peoples come to speaking one intellectual language, the better they will understand each other, and the better (in time, we think) the Outlook.

must hope) they will love each other. When the varying sources of enrichment that constitute Rumanian nationality have become fully welded, we may expect its contribution to the world's literature to be something entirely valuable.

Arthur L. Salmon.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Margaret Sherwood's "The Worn Doorstep" (Little, Brown & Company) is fiction of a sort, but it is so intensely real, so alive with deep and tender feeling that it is hard to believe that it is not exactly what it purports to be,—the journal of an American woman, whose English lover is killed in one of the first battles of the great war, but who lives on in a continuing sense of his presence, trying daily to do the things which it would have pleased him to have her do, and availing herself of every opportunity to minister to needy and helpless victims of the war. The story is beautifully and delicately told, and it presents a vivid and truthful picture of the changed England of today,—the men at the front, and life going on in the homes that they have left, with a deeper meaning and a larger self-sacrifice than could have been dreamed of in the old, light-hearted days. Every entry in the journal, from August 14, 1914 to June 15, 1915, when the story ends, makes its own appeal to the reader, and the interest of the narrative does not flag from the first page to the last.

Mr. L. P. Jacks, editor of "The Hibbert Journal," is introduced to American readers—to those, at least, who do not already know him—in two volumes at once, "Philosophers in Trouble," a group of a half dozen stories, and "From the Human End," a volume of essays (Henry Holt & Company). Mr. Jacks is more of a philosopher

than a story teller, as might perhaps be inferred from the title of his book of stories which, taken together, constitute as whimsical an incursion into the field of fiction as one often encounters. Of these, the most unusual is "A Psychologist Among Saints"; but the most diverting is "The Poor Man's Pig," which describes the embarrassment of a political orator whose argument, touching a subject familiar to the rustic mind, reaches unexpected conclusions when addressed to an audience of rural voters. The essays, twenty-two in number, are also largely philosophic and also quite often whimsical. They are brief. They deal with public and political questions rather than with literature. Not a few of them have to do with problems arising from the present war, or suggested by it. They are keen, discriminating and thought-provoking.

Of the six stories which make up Eliza Calvert Hall's latest book "Clover and Blue Grass" (Little, Brown & Company) the first is an "Aunt-Jane-of-Kentucky" story, which will be a sufficient recommendation to readers who remember with delight the eighteen earlier tales contained in "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" and "The Land of Long Ago." "Aunt Jane" was never more charming than in this story of "How Parson Page Went to the Circus." But the gems of the book are the story "Millstones and Stumbling Blocks," which tells of the self-sacrificing device of a mother to



promote the marriage of her daughter; and the longest story in the group, "Mary Crawford's Chart," which describes what befell an obliging young homekeeper who was beguiled into purchasing a dressmaking chart, and, soon mastering it herself, and incautiously offering to assist her neighbors in its use, was overrun by inconsiderate friends who consumed her time and strength and reduced her to a physical and mental wreck. The stories are all cleverly told. Eliza Calvert Hall is easily the Sarah Orne Jewett of Kentucky.

H. G. Wells's "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through," is in no sense of the word a novel, it is the psychological record of the various states of mind through which a thinking Englishman such as Mr. Wells himself, for instance, has passed from the beginning of the war until now. Mr. Brittling is the kind of man who must see everything through, he must have a working theory for every condition. The reader becomes identified with Mr. Brittling and with him passes rapidly from astonishment that the world could really be so silly as to fight, to the feeling that perhaps the war has its purpose after all, that "you may call this ruin, bankruptcy, invasion, flight, they are doors out of habit and routine." "The war is the greatest catastrophe and the greatest opportunity in history." Mr. Brittling next enters the phase of feeling that the world must surely be based on hate, that there is nothing but hate. Out of this he comes to the conclusion that hate is the "great discipline of a creative state." Through the loss of his own son, Mr. Brittling finally rises to belief in God, God our only refuge in time of direst need, a God who according to Mr. Brittling is *not* an omnipotent being, but one who must struggle as human beings struggle. Religion and love as the basis of better

government, of world republics, this is the solution and the only solution of war. "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through" is permeated by Mr. Wells's habitual optimistic idealism. It is filled with criticism of England's conduct in the war, but colored with a deep love of England and faith in the outcome. From a literary standpoint it is not up to Mr. Wells's standard, but he has evidently taken the war hard, and has found, to quote him, that "this is a time for living rather than recording." The Macmillan Company.

"The Dark Tower," by Phyllis Botto, undoubtedly holds the reader's attention from beginning to end, not because of anything remarkable or unusual, but largely because its characters are strong types of quite real people. It is the story of Winn Staines, an Englishman who in the beginning seems entirely lacking in any good qualities except elemental strength and courage. His life brings out strongly the contrast in effect upon character of selfishness and unselfishness. He marries a young girl who to his inexperienced mind seems as lovely in spirit as she is in body. He soon wakes up to the fact that she is selfish to the point of being a liar, and when later he develops tuberculosis and is ordered to Davos he of course goes alone. Here Winn meets the unselfish girl Claire Rivers, and finds what real love can be, the entire absorption in another's comfort and happiness. He determines that she must be loved and cared for in the best possible way, and, since according to his ideals this cannot be given by a married man, he is prepared to give her up to his friend whom he considers the ideal man. There is a struggle which might not have ended in an enduring triumph if the war had not come to give Winn his opportunity to die like a man, and with his unselfishness at its highest point. The Century Co.